

John Dick 313 Hand

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY

IRONCLADS IN ACTION.

THE correspondents of the New York papers give accounts of attacks made on Confederate works in the Yazoo. On the 11th ult. one writes, dating ten miles above Greenwood:—"To-day two reconnaissances were started out. One was made down the river by the gunboat Chillicothe, Lieutenant-Commander Foster commanding. She ran down to within about a quarter of a mile of the rebel battery, exchanging shots with it. The Chillicothe was struck four times in this affair, once in her square hull, and twice in her massive turret, in each case the ball making a deep indentation in her three and a half inch iron, plainly marking the unmistakable stamp of steel-pointed 64-pounder shot propelled from rifled pieces. The Chillicothe returned from the reconnaissance without having sustained the slightest injury. In the afternoon the Chillicothe was again ordered down to engage the rebel battery. She moved down promptly, and soon her heavy eleven inch guns were heard, to which the enemy made a brisk response. The Chillicothe fired but seven rounds, dur-



ing which she dropped three shells directly into the enemy's works with good effect. At this juncture she met with a most unfortunate and disastrous accident. Her men were just loading her port gun, the charger being engaged at the moment in cutting the fuse of the shell, which had already been placed in the muzzle of the gun, when a 64-pound shell from the rebels struck directly in her half open port, throwing apart and unshipping the heavy iron port shutters, one of which was thrown overboard, and, lighting directly upon the muzzle of the gun, exploded simultaneously with the shell that was being put in the piece. The casualties by this double explosion were fourteen in all—four killed and ten wounded; but the latter will probably survive. The Chillicothe was brought out of action without further damage. On the 13th another attack was made on the fortification. The Chillicothe and De Kalb had both been covered with cotton bales, to make sure that they should not be hurt. The Chillicothe was under fire an hour and a-half. She was not withdrawn until long after the enemy had ceased firing, and then only

because her store of ammunition was about expended, requiring a replenishment of her magazine. The rebels singled her out as their principal target, and they peppered her well. She was struck to-day thirty-four times. Her storm-roof and wheel houses were riddled and badly cut up. Her launch was all stove to pieces. Her ensign was four times shot through, and her pennant was shot away. Her massive iron-plating was indented all over her front where balls had struck her. Yet she withstood the terrible ordeal and is to-night as good for a fight as she was this morning. But two men were injured on her. The De Kalb was the unlucky vessel to-day, and, considering the length of time she was engaged, she got off very lightly. After the Chillicothe withdrew the De Kalb was ordered to remain and continue firing until dark. She did so, firing once every twenty minutes, but getting no response after the main engagement closed. She received about a dozen shots during the action, at least three of which were very severe blows. One passed obliquely through her starboard casemate, just forward of the first porthole, and raked through the maindeck, finally lodging in the ward-room in the extreme after part of the vessel. The shot penetrated through a section of her casemate which was not covered with iron. In its course it struck a gun against which one of the ship's quartermasters was leaning, and, glancing, mortally wounded him. A shell exploded directly in her wheel-house, which damaged one or two buckets and splintered the bulkhead a little, but did no further mischief. Still another lodged in the forward casemate, under the heavy iron plating. Shells striking on the outside of the vessel frequently set on fire the cotton with which she was covered, but no danger resulted therefrom. Two men were killed and four wounded. The Chillicothe is a lightdraught iron-clad, having one stationary turret, in which are two 11-inch Dahlgren shell guns; the Baron De Kalb is an iron-clad casemated steamer carrying thirteen guns of a heavy calibre. We shall give the rebels another trial to-morrow, when I hope to be able to report more satisfactory results. I have already said the position is a formidable one. It is more than that, it is an unapproachable one. We can't get at them. If we could we should have been able half-a-dozen times to-day to drive them out by storm; but infantry can do nothing in the water, and this fortification is completely surrounded by water." Another correspondent writes on the 27th:—"Since my last communication we have made but a single effort at the enemy, and that, like its predecessors, resulted in nothing. On Monday last, at noon, the bombardment was resumed. The gunboats Chillicothe and De Kalb, with one mortar boat, were brought into action, assisted by Battery Wilson, which at that time had been enlarged and extended so as to carry three guns—two 30lb. Parrots and an 8-inch Dahlgren. The Chillicothe, as on former occasions, was the main target of the enemy. She took her old position, about 800 yards from the rebel works, at the point where the fort first comes into view. Her commander begged hard to go down the river, but was refused. The action lasted but about twenty minutes, during which time only fourteen shots were fired at the Chillicothe, eight of which, however, hit her full in the face. The effect of this severe pounding was to cause the speedy termination of the engagement. Both her bow portholes were closed up. These portholes are covered with ponderous iron shutters, that are drawn together when the gun is drawn in for loading. The enemy's heavy missiles, falling upon these when closed, had so indented and jammed the shutters that they could not be slid open. The vessel was therefore temporarily disabled, and had to be abandoned. At this stage in the operations we began to receive tangible evidence that the enemy could reinforce more rapidly than we. His battery had been reinforced by the addition of guns of greater calibre, reaching to 10-inch columbiads. His magazines had been bountifully replenished, and his garrison was receiving accessions daily. Immediately preparations for the withdrawal were set on foot. Battery Wilson was dismantled, and its guns returned to the boats to which they belonged. Orders were issued for the direction of the fleet on its return voyage. Everything was in readiness for the withdrawal, which was to have been consummated on Thursday morning, when, late on Wednesday night, the programme was suddenly changed. Why withdraw? We must take Fort Greenwood sooner or later. The force is at hand now that is able to take it. The only trouble is this land force cannot move, owing to the overflow of the land between them and the rebel works. Now, it is very plain that if we can't get at the enemy, neither can the enemy get at us. They may make the attempt by boats—the only practical way; but we have every advantage of them there; having full confidence that our fine fleet of gunboats is more than a match for any temporary war vessels they may fit up. We are safe from attack at Shell Mound-place—the locality of our camp—and it is better to remain there." According to a telegram they afterwards commenced a retreat, but met reinforcements coming down to them.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

On our first page we give an engraving of M. Pissarro's picture, entitled "The Music Lesson." The original was exhibited in the Gallery of the English School of Artists, 120, Pall-mall, and was, perhaps, the most perfectly delicate piece of painting in that exhibition. Besides "The Music Lesson," there were three pictures in the gallery by the same artist.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AT FLORENCE.

The King of Italy recently paid a visit to the principal cities of his newly acquired dominions. At Florence he was well received; and when he made his appearance in the royal box at the theatre the audience rose and greeted him with cheers. In page 444 is an illustration of a fete given in his honour.

THE GRAND RACE for the championship of the Thames, and for a pleasant prize of 400l., was rowed on Tuesday. The combatants were Robert Chambers, champion of the Thames and the Tyne, and George Everson, of Greenwich, and the former was the victor.

THE *Art Journal* for August, speaking of Benson's Watches in the Exhibition, says:—"We have selected for engraving three of the watch-cases, of which a large variety is exhibited by Mr. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, in the large and prominent erection that contains his Monster Clock. To this department of art-manufacture Mr. Benson has paid especial attention." Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeater, centre seconds, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, from the plainest to the highest quality of which the art is at present capable, and adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with descriptions and prices. It acts as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Colonies, India, or any part of the world, to select a watch, and have it sent free and safe by post. J. W. Benson, Prize Medallist, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London.—Established 1749.—[Advt.]

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER for bread, pastry, and puddings. The Queen's private baker says, "It is a most useful invention." Captain Allen Young, of the Arctic yacht "Fox," states that "It keeps well and answers admirably." E. Hamilton, Esq., M.D., F.S.A., observes that "It is much better for raising bread than yeast, and much more wholesome." Sold everywhere, but see that you get "Borwick's."—[Advt.]

Notes of the Week.

EARLY on Saturday morning self-destruction was committed by a gentleman named Richard Thomas Low, aged fifty-five, Globe terrace, Globe-road, Stepney. Deceased had held an appointment as inspector of sanitary works at Guildhall, but had been, it is said, suffering from severe pains in the head. At three o'clock in the morning his wife left him in bed apparently asleep to go into an adjoining room, and when she returned deceased was missed from the room. Search was made, when he was found lying on the flagstones in the back yard with a fearful wound on the head, from which blood was issuing copiously. It was ascertained that the deceased had opened the window of his sleeping apartment and leaped out while labouring under some delusion. Dr. Reilly, of the Globe-road, was called, and the deceased was found to be quite dead. Upon examination it was found that the deceased had sustained an extensive fracture of the base of the skull, laceration of the brain, and other injuries producing instantaneous death. The window was found open, and the deceased, it was thought, had precipitated himself a depth of nearly forty feet. The deceased imagined that the officers of justice were in pursuit of him for the commission of some dreadful crime.

On Saturday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge-place, Paddington, on the body of Ann Slater, who died from the extremely rare circumstance of having broken her neck by a fall down stairs. It appeared that the deceased was a widow, about seventy years of age, occupying a room at No. 37, William-street, Kensington, and that on the previous Monday night she fell down the kitchen stairs, which were awkwardly situated, and without a hand-rail. The landlady hearing the noise went to the assistance of the deceased, who was sensible, and requested to be taken up-stairs to bed, where she remained until the following Wednesday, when, by the advice of her neighbours, she was conveyed in a cab to St. Mary's Hospital; but, on arriving there, it was found she was dead. Mr. J. M. Packer, the house-surgeon, examined the body, and found a large bruise on the head, and several smaller ones about the head and neck. On the internal examination, he found the brain and all the organs of the body healthy, rendering no indication of the cause of death. He then examined the spine, and found a fracture of the second cervical vertebra. The bones were detached, and blood had effused into the cervical canal. The fracture and effusion were the cause of death. The jury after having had the position of the stairs explained to them, returned a verdict of "Accidental death," but accompanied it with the following recommendation: "The jury assembled to inquire into the cause of death of Ann Slater, who was killed by falling down a flight of stairs at 37, William-street, Kensington, on the 6th of April, are of opinion that the said flight of stairs ought to have been furnished with a hand-railing, and they urge upon the landlord, Mr. Lucas, of Notting-hill, the necessity of at once providing a convenient hand-railing to the staircase in this and other houses in his possession in William-street."

On Saturday, at twelve o'clock, Edward Cooper, who was convicted at the last Shropshire assizes of having murdered his son, John Cooper, a little deformed boy, aged eight years, was executed in front of the county gaol, Shrewsbury. The unfortunate man since his condemnation had behaved with great propriety, and paid strict attention to the ministrations of the Rev. James Denning, the gaol chaplain. A few days before his execution he made a confession of his guilt to Captain Kenyon Slaney, a county magistrate, and the acting under-sheriff, Mr. J. J. Peole. He said that on the day the murder was committed he went into an ash coppice near Baschurch to hunt rabbits, the boy being with him, and while here something came over him, he "didn't know how," and he strangled the boy with the handkerchief he had on. He left and borrowed a spade, with which he dug a hole and buried the body. He frequently after that went into the coppice to hunt rabbits, and did not feel much about it. When he was strangling the boy the poor little fellow said, "Oh, father, don't." On the night preceding his execution Cooper slept well, and breakfasted heartily in the morning, during which he spoke with composure about the weather and other commonplace topics. As the fatal hour approached, however, his fortitude forsook him, and he expressed horror and regret at his impending doom. He walked without assistance from the cell to the scaffold, but wept bitterly and covered his face with his handkerchief. Smith, of Dudley, was the executioner, and after he had adjusted the noose the wretched man grasped the hand of the turnkey who accompanied him, and muttered in a tremulous voice, "Oh, Lord, bless my soul! God bless you all." After the bolt was withdrawn the unhappy criminal struggled violently for several minutes before life was extinct. After hanging half-an-hour the body was cut down and buried in the precincts of the gaol. An immense concourse of persons assembled to witness the execution, the number being estimated at not less than 10,000. The utmost decorum and good order prevailed.

An inquest was held on Monday by Dr. Lankester at the Elephant and Castle, Camden-town, on the body of a newly-born male child, the offspring of Esther Burrows, aged twenty-three, which had been found dead in a box, with a ligature round its neck, at the residence of Mr. Essex, in whose service she was, No. 5, Gordon-street, Gordon-square. The mother, who is now under surveillance of the police, had been medically attended for two days, and on the previous Friday morning she had a fainting fit, and did not come down from her room till after ten o'clock. She was then so ill that the medical man suspected she had given birth to a child, and on search being made the body of a child with a piece of tape, part of the string of its mother's petticoat, was found twisted round its neck. The umbilical cord had been severed, but not tied. The lungs were partially inflated, and the child had breathed. The inquest was adjourned for a fortnight for the attendance of the accused.

On the night of Sunday last, or early on Monday morning, the extensive premises of Messrs. Johnson and Co., tea importers, Blomfield-street, City, were broken into, and a large amount of tea stolen. It appears the thieves secreted themselves in the yard of New Broad-street Chapel, and then by means of a ladder effected a landing on the roof of Messrs. Phenix's furniture warehouses, the ladder then enabling them to break open a window on the third floor, and obtain access to the whole range of Johnson and Co.'s warehouses. On opening the warehouse on Monday morning the counting-house was found to have been ransacked, drawers were wrenched open, and the contents scattered about. The booty obtained from this source was only trifling, as nothing of value, except a small sum of loose cash, has been missed. On the third floor a large number of chests of tea had been broken open and their contents removed; but on searching the rear of the premises to discover how access had been obtained the whole of the stolen tea, packed in black linen bags, was discovered in a corner of the chapel-yard, and close by a large pool of blood, showing that one of the burglars had met with a severe accident, probably a fall from the roof, this doubtless accounting for the tea being left behind. None of the packet tea was removed.

JOHN DUCKER, convicted of the murder of Elizabeth Tye at Halesworth, was on Tuesday morning executed at the Suffolk county gaol at Ipswich.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Duke of Beaufort's first day's wolf-hunting in Poitou turned out a failure, for the simple and rather to be expected reason that his well-trained foxhounds took no more notice of a wolf than they would of a donkey, and positively declined to run after it. A very large field, the estimate of which in the local journals varies from 250 to 400, turned out, brimful of expectation, to see the performances of the English lord's pack. After drawing a cover for two hours, a fine wolf was routed out by some native dogs. The pack got a good view of him, but, "Och hone! wierastril!" he was not game to try their eyes, and no hallooing could rouse them from their indifference. The huntsman is going to try what can be done in the way of educating the hounds for the new work required of them, by turning out trapped wolves close to their noses. In time he will doubtless succeed. Foxhounds may be made to hunt anything, from a cur dog to a red herring. A great many members of the Jockey Club are going to join the duke, on the chance of sport, as soon as the remaining races of the Paris spring season are over.

Bullier's Correspondence says that the Duke of Beaufort's hounds will be taught to hunt wolves by being coupled with French dogs accustomed to that sport.

A young man named Charles G—, most respectably connected, was arrested a few nights since on a charge of sending threatening letters to Baron de Rothschild. In the last days of March M. de Rothschild received a letter without a signature, but sealed with a coat of arms, stating that a man belonging to an honourable and wealthy family, and occupying high functions in an important establishment, had fallen into great embarrassment owing to unfortunate speculations at the Bourse. The writer went on to say that he required immediately a sum of 100,000f. (4,000l.), and requested M. de Rothschild to deposit that amount in bank-notes in a heap of sand lying in the Rue Rossini, between midnight and one o'clock next morning. The applicant further stated that, owing to his position, he could not give his name. No notice whatever was taken of this letter, but as it was followed by six others in rapid succession, the last of which contained threats, M. de Rothschild laid the whole of them before the commissary of police for the district. It was then arranged that a roll of papers should be deposited in the sand-heap as desired, and several police-agents were set to watch the place. Between twelve and one a man was seen to approach the place, take out the parcel, and then hurry away. He was pursued, and caught in the Rue de la Victoire. When interrogated he gave his real name, and on searching his belongings the seal was found which had been used for the letters sent to M. de Rothschild. From the inquiries made it appears that the prisoner really belongs to a most respectable family, and was employed in a large commercial establishment, but had recently fallen into bad company and incurred debts to the amount of 3,000f. (120l.), which he durst not make known to his parents, who had already suffered from his extravagance. Under those circumstances he had recourse to the criminal expedient of demanding 100,000f. from M. de Rothschild, for which he will have to answer before the tribunals.

The *Moniteur* says, in its bulletin:—"The Austrian Government having displayed views upon the Polish question in conformity with those of the Western Powers, an understanding has been established between the three Courts for acting in concert towards the Cabinet of St. Petersburg."

In the *Presse*, M. Emile de Girardin gives the following summing up of the present diplomatic phase of Polish affairs:—

"We ask all serious readers whether it would not have been more humane to have declared at once that England, Austria, and France, not being willing or not being able to take up arms on behalf of Poland, the Poles have nothing to hope for from them. Poor and dear Poles, believe us when we say, with our old experience and our sympathetic sincerity, you are deceived. Cease to be dupes of those involuntarily cruel phrases in which you are told that 'Poland will be made free without a shot fired.' Cease to believe in those journals which tell you that the recent diplomatic notes are 'a considerable fact.' The way traced out for you, strewn with flowers of rhetoric and common-place sentiments, leads but to blood. The more generous is your blood the more distressed we are at seeing you shed it for the sole satisfaction of manufacturers of phrases who held out to you hopes in which they themselves have no belief."

RUSSIA.

The following is the text of an address voted the 5th of April by the nobility of the Government of St. Petersburg to the Emperor:—

"Sire,—The nobility of St. Petersburg, animated with a spirit of devotedness to the throne and country, consider it a duty to express their sentiments to your Majesty. The pretensions raised abroad by the Polish agitators on the possessions of the Russian empire fill us with grief and displeasure. Our detractors suppose that the reforms commenced by you for the utility and welfare of the empire, will facilitate their desire to dismember the empire, but their attempts will prove vain. As a proof of devotedness and abnegation, the Russian nobility, without hesitating at any fresh sacrifices, will defend unflinchingly the integrity of the empire. Let our enemies learn that the powerful spirit of our ancestors, which founded the unity of our well-beloved country, is not extinct among us."

AMERICA.

Letters from New Orleans of the 15th of March bring more intelligible accounts of the state of affairs at Port Hudson than have been received by telegraph from Cairo and Cincinnati. They confirm in the main particulars the Confederate report of the withdrawal of General Banks and the repulse of Admiral Farragut. It is alleged that the reduction of Port Hudson was not the object contemplated by the Federal commanders. General Banks, leading the land forces, attacked the Confederate flank for the purpose of dividing the strength of the enemy and diverting his attention from the real movement of Admiral Farragut, which was to place his fleet between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and thus intercept the Confederate supplies of cattle from the Red River region. Two vessels, the Hartford and the Albatross, alone succeeded in passing the batteries. The Mississippi, as previously reported, was burnt. All the others were more or less injured, and returned to Baton Rouge. General Banks withdrew his troops immediately, on learning that Admiral Farragut had got beyond the reach of the Confederate guns.

The reports from Vicksburg and the Yazoo from Federal and Confederate sources are still too greatly at variance with each other to receive much credit. The Confederates claim to have sunk one and riddled another of four gunboats that attempted to run the blockade at Vicksburg on the 25th, and to have defeated and driven back the Sunflower River and Deer Creek expedition. The Federals, on the other hand, assert that they have really forced the passage of the Sunflower River and landed two divisions of troops, under the command of General Sherman, near Haines Bluff. General Beauregard is still at Murfreesborough, maintaining a defensive position against General Bragg, who has concentrated a force of 60,000 men at Tullahoma.

General News.

The most recent accounts from Tennessee are of a nature to show the imminence of a great battle at or near Murfreesborough, Tullahoma, or Chattanooga.

Considerable anxiety is felt for the safety of General Rosecranz.

On the 26th ult., the Confederate General Forest attacked the Federals at Brentwood, five miles from Nashville, and in rear of General Rosecranz, and captured eight hundred prisoners, with a large quantity of military stores. They also destroyed the railroad track and bridge.

President Lincoln, in compliance with the request of the Senate, has designated Thursday, the 30th of April, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

The *Louisville Journal* publishes a letter from a correspondent lately returned from Paris, in which it is stated, on the authority of "a friend intimately connected with the French Court," that seventy-three of the leading men of the South, including Jefferson Davis, the members of his Cabinet, many senators, and Generals Toombs and Wise, have sent a letter to the Emperor, urging on him a speedy recognition of the South. The missive is dated November 2, 1862, and offers the following inducements to Napoleon:—

"1. That it was the intention of the leaders of the South (which intention, however, was to be kept secret until the war was over), so soon as their independence was declared, to establish a nobility in the South before their army was disbanded. That the poor whites or non-slaveowners, who would help them fight and conquer their independence, so soon as a nobility is established and they are left free to act, will emigrate North, and leave only the noble and his slave, constituting the firmest nobility, because the peasant will be the property of the noble, while the line of demarcation between them will be that of colour and race. That their ability so to establish a nobility cannot be doubtful, when it is well known that the leaders of the South had forced this war and established the present Confederacy in opposition to a majority of every State.

"2. That it is the duty of France, as of other monarchies, to encourage nobility, and to discourage democracy.

"3. That, in accordance with the above intention, they (these seventy-three) designed to secure (or had secured, I forget which) a remodelling of their conscript law, so as to exempt and preserve for their future Confederacy as many slaveowners or future nobles as possible."

The rumours respecting the Confederate evacuation of Richmond are renewed in various shapes. A Washington letter in the *New York Times* of the 30th of March says:—

"Information was received to-day from Fortress Monroe confirming the statement made in this correspondence that the rebel Government is removing from Richmond all its military supplies, and is keeping up only a show of strength in front of our army at Fredericksburg. General Dix believes they are preparing to leave Richmond, and has so informed the authorities here. This is news. But we feel constrained to caution the public against the persistent endeavours to create the belief that the rebels in front of Hooker have withdrawn, or seriously weakened their force. General Hooker affirmed to-day what good soldiers will know to be true, that, with the exception of the withdrawal of Longstreet's division, Lee's whole army is now encamped in the rear of Fredericksburg in full force. They who think that General Hooker's march to the Richmond defences will be but a dress parade may be painfully awakened from their error. A rebel officer who took the oath of allegiance to-day stated positively that the rebel leaders have determined to abandon Virginia as soon as they can do so safely. This he predicted would cause a mutiny in every Virginia regiment in the field. The rebel army at Fredericksburg, he says, is composed mainly of Virginians."

The following appears in the *New York Tribune*:—

"Some of General Dix's officers report that they are satisfied from various circumstances that the rebels are preparing to evacuate Richmond, and have already removed large quantities of supplies which had been stored there for the use of the army. These officers believe that the show of force in front of General Hooker, and the demonstrations by cavalry in front of Washington and on the peninsula, are intended to mask the real object, and that the bulk of Lee's army is moving away behind the curtain of feints to the west, with intent to concentrate in front of General Rosecranz, in the hope of being able to drive him back and to occupy and hold Kentucky. These opinions are not shared by the principal officers of the army of the Potomac."

AN AMNESTY FOR POLAND.

Sunday being the Russian Easter Sunday, an imperial manifesto has been published, granting a full and entire amnesty to all Poles in the kingdom who shall lay down their arms and return to their allegiance by the 15th of May. The same term for laying down their arms and giving in their submission is also fixed for the insurgents in the western Polish provinces. The only exceptions are with regard to ordinary crimes, and to such offenders as have been committed by the army. The manifesto further announces that the institutions granted to the Poles shall be maintained, and after practical experience, shall be developed according to the necessities of the age and the country.

The following is a summary of the text of the manifesto:—

"The obligation rests with us to preserve the country from the return of disorders, and to open a new epoch of political life based upon the rational organization of administrative local self-government. We have already laid the foundations of this in the institutions which have been granted, the efficacy of which has not yet been put to the test. It is our desire to maintain these institutions, while reserving to ourselves the right of proceeding with their future development according to the requirements of the age and of the country."

News received from Warsaw announces that the amnesty of the Czar has produced no effect, and that the insurrection will continue. The *Czas* publishes despatches stating that notes were despatched to the Powers from St. Petersburg simultaneously with the issue of the Czar's manifesto granting amnesty to the Polish insurgents.

The *Czas* says:—

"This step of Russia was taken with the object to prevent intervention. The manifesto does not promise to change the state of things which brought about the revolution. It only returns to the position existing before the 22nd of January, neither more nor less—the position which drove the Poles to arms. How will the country and the Powers accept the manifesto? It is not for us to reply, but it is doubtful whether the Powers will be content. The insurrection will reply in the name of the whole country. By fixing the term of the 1st of May for laying down arms the amnesty, in fact, recognises the insurrection, imposes upon the Powers the obligation of recognising it as a belligerent party, and may raise hopes of an armistice."

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General News.

A LETTER from Rome says that in spite of the reports of his falling health, the Pope went through his own laborious part of the ceremonies of Holy Week without any great apparent fatigue. "It is true that on Thursday he only washed one of the figurative apostles' feet, and left the other twelve to be handled by the attendant cardinals and prelates. At the subsequent repast, or *cena*, his holiness contented himself also with handing the apostles their soup, without cutting up their boiled fish or serving out their brocoli, as on other occasions; but the Pope looked well, and contradicted by his appearance the many sinister reports current with respect to his health."

The death is announced, in the ninety-third year of his age, of the Rev. Richard Rainshaw Rothwell, M.A., patron of the church, and for sixty-two years rector of the parish of Sefton, Lancashire, and domestic chaplain to Viscount Palmerston.

The Easter quarter sessions for the borough of Reading were held, Mr. Sergeant Morewether, the Recorder, presiding; but, notwithstanding the large population, there was not a single prisoner for trial, and the mayor, Mr. J. O. Taylor, observed the ancient custom of presenting the Recorder with a pair of white kid gloves. There has not been a maiden session in Reading for the last nineteen years.

The Right Hon. Arthur Marcus Cecil Hill, Lord Sandys, better known as Lord Marcus Hill, is dead. He had been indisposed during the last five weeks. The deceased peer was the third son of Arthur, second Marquis of Downshire, and succeeded to the Barony of Sandys on the death of his brother, General Lord Sandys, in 1861. He was born January 28, 1798, so that he had only attained his sixty-fifth year.

We (*Dublin Mail*) understand that in consequence of the continued ill health of Mr. James Hans Hamilton, a vacancy in the representation of the county will be made immediately on the meeting of the House of Commons after the recess.

An American paper cites the following as a significant little speech which Mr. Seward is reported to have made when lecturing Lord Lyons on the "vitality" of the Federal Government:—"My lord," said Mr. Seward, "I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen in Ohio. I can touch the bell again and order the imprisonment of a citizen in New York, and no power on earth but that of the President can release them. Can the Queen of England in her dominions do as much?"

THE RIGHT HON. LORD DE-SAUMAREZ died at Obeltenham, in his seventy-fourth year. The deceased, who was in holy orders, and was rector of Huggate, in Yorkshire, was born in Guernsey in 1789. In 1814 he married the daughter of Vice-Admiral Lechmere, and succeeded his father in 1836. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was second class in classics in 1810. The De-Saumarez family is of great antiquity in the island of Guernsey, where the Seigneur De-Saumarez was chateain of Jerbourg so far back as 1313. The deceased lord is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. John St. Vincent Saumarez.

Lord Cowley has remitted to the Emperor Napoleon a letter from Queen Victoria, thanking his Imperial Majesty for the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour sent to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A short time ago a ticket-of-leave man, named Hibbert, was convicted by the Nottingham magistrates of using threatening language to Mr. Hindley, a clerk in the employ of the Nottingham Gas Company, and was bound over to keep the peace. The Secretary of State ordered the man to be again apprehended, and he was sent back to Millbank to complete the remainder of his sentence, which does not expire till July next.

The female aide-de-camp of Langiewicz has arrived in Prague, accompanied by an old servant. Having resumed her own attire, and being clad in a black dress and veil, she travelled without being recognised by the other passengers. Her first visit was to a Polish lady living in Prague.

SOME surprise has been created in Paris by the announcement in the papers that the splendid Greco-Roman mansion constructed by Prince Napoleon, at an immense expense, in the Avenue Montagne, Champs Elysees, is to be offered for sale by auction on the 9th of June next. The upset price is fixed at 900,000*fr.* (36,000*l.*)

At the Brighton review, the Earl of Sheffield met with an accident while on horseback from a horse which kicked out and struck his lordship on the leg, injuring the ankle seriously. The occurrence taking place near Warren's Farm, his lordship was removed there, and a surgical inspection was made, when it was found that no bone was broken, but the parts seriously injured. Since his lordship's arrival at his field-place he has been confined to his bed, but the family surgeon entertains hopes that his lordship will soon recover. —*Surrey Standard*

An American paper says that there is only one Irish Mormon in the Mormon territory. He has nine wives and forty-seven children.

"It is affirmed," says the *Siecle*, "that Russians of large fortune, holding important offices, are just now realising their property, and investing considerable sums in foreign securities, from fear lest the rising of the Poles should occasion a revolution at St. Petersburg or Moscow."

In consequence of the expected arrival of the battalion of Turcos, a mosque is to be erected in Paris, where these Mussulmans may make their ablutions and invoke the Prophet. Moorish baths and an Arab cafe are also to be established.

The deputation commissioned to offer the crown of Greece to Prince William of Denmark has left Athens for Copenhagen.

HER Majesty the ex-Queen of Naples has just passed through Lyons, en route to Rome. A local paper states that large crowds assembled to witness her arrival and her departure, and that the grace and beauty of the youthful Queen made a deep impression on all who beheld her.

THE following letter from Dr. Albanese, dated Casprera, March 31, is published in the Paris journals:—"I am happy I can send you the best news of the general (Garibaldi). For the last fortnight a decided improvement has taken place in his health. Rheumatism has completely disappeared; the wound goes on regularly and satisfactorily. The period of recovery has commenced, and without wishing to positively affirm that that of elimination has ended, I think, nevertheless, we are near its term."

A MODERN MIRACLE.—On the 3rd of April the Cardinal Archbishop of Capua's body was laid out in state in one of the chambers of the palace. While the crowd of visitors were thickest, the cardinal was suddenly seen to raise an arm and nod his head. The sensation created was immense: "A miracle! a miracle!" was the general cry, while some ran away in terror; others stood transfixed to the spot with astonishment. Two bersaglieri, however, who witnessed the scene, did not share the general opinion, but stepping forward, raised up the curtain which concealed the bedstead when lo! a lazzarone crept forth and took to his heels. The bersaglieri ran after him, but he escaped through a door which was instantly shut and locked after him from the other side. Commander Mayr, Prefect of Caserta, immediately ordered an investigation of the matter in order to bring the impostors to justice.

Provincial News.

LANCASHIRE.—THE CONDEMNED CRIMINALS AT KIRKDALE GAOL.—M'Phail and Woods, the two men who await their execution at Kirkdale gaol, for murdering Mrs. Waine, of Ribchester, will be hanged on the 25th instant. There is not the slightest chance of the sentence being commuted. Woods is moderately cheerful and makes the best use of his time by devoting himself very earnestly to his religious duties. M'Phail, too, is very attentive to the instructions of the chaplain (Mr. Appleton), who spends much time with the prisoners. M'Phail, who has been a thorough sounderall throughout his life, and through whose instigation the murder was committed, has been very much depressed since his condemnation, and looks very haggard and ill. The youth Taylor, sentenced to death for the murder of his wife in Manchester, has been reprimanded.

HAMPSHIRE.—PLATE ROBBERY.—The officers of the 6th Regiment, stationed at Gosport, discovered to their dismay that the whole of the regimental mess plate, 402 pieces, together with a sum of money in gold and notes, had unaccountably disappeared. A detective of the metropolitan police, stationed at the Royal Clarence Victualling-yard, having been engaged upon the case, ascertained that the missing plate could not be far off, as it was too bulky to have reached the dreaded melting pot. The detective set to work, and part of the plate was found, almost within sight of the mess-room, buried in a part of the fortifications. Two men were arrested on suspicion (both belonging to the regiment, and mess-servants). A timely confession was made, and 400 out of the 402 pieces have been recovered, together with the whole of the money.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—A SON OF LORD BYRON.—The other morning a man named William Byron was taken before the Nottingham bench of magistrates under the following remarkable circumstances:—Mr. Superintendent Raynor said, about eleven o'clock on the previous night a cabman drove to the police-station with the prisoner, and said that the latter had engaged him to drive to Newstead Abbey (the seat of the late Lord Byron). Prisoner said he was Lord Byron, and had come to demand his rights. When they arrived at Newstead he was refused admittance, and he had to drive him back to Nottingham. He then said he had no money to pay his cab fare. In answer to a question he (Mr. Raynor) put to him, prisoner said he was Lord Byron's son—his only son. Witness said, "Lord Byron had no son, and he has been dead many years." Prisoner said, "Oh, no, Lord Byron is alive yet, and fighting for his country. I saw him three weeks ago in Warwickshire." On being remanded prisoner said, "Oh, I can tell you all about it now, and about his lordship, I could show you an order upon a bank, to be paid either here or at his lordship's residence in London." The prisoner was then removed.

YORKSHIRE.—FORGERY OF FEDERAL "GREENBACKS."—On Saturday last a Sheffield engraver, named Edwin Hides, and one of his workmen, named Light, were arrested by Sergeant Spital, of the London detective force, and Inspector Airey, of Sheffield, on a charge of forging Federal Government notes. It appears that for several months past the American ambassador has been aware that large numbers of forged "greenbacks" were made in this country, and sent over for issue in New York and other cities. Shortly before Christmas Sergeant Spital was sent down by the American minister to Sheffield, in consequence of information received which appeared to connect the prisoner Hides with the forgery. The officer and the American consul in Sheffield have since cautiously prosecuted inquiries, the result of which was the apprehension above recorded. It seems that an anonymous letter was forwarded to the American minister, giving information of the forgeries which were going on. It was followed by a second communication, giving further details, and signed with the writer's name, and it is said that this person will be one of the witnesses for the prosecution. Great numbers of forged notes, of five and ten dollars value, have been sent over from Sheffield, and the matter has thus become one of considerable importance to the Federal authorities. It was stated in Sheffield that two men had been arrested in the neighbourhood of Worksop, with "greenbacks" in their possession, which they say have been sent to them from Sheffield.

LANCASHIRE.—EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—At the Ashton-under-Lyne Borough Court, before William Sunderland and Samuel Howard, Esq., Samuel Jackson, formerly a master carrier, but now retired from business, and residing in Jackson-street, Turner-lane, Ashton-under-Lyne, was charged with shooting at, and unlawfully wounding Peter Jamison, a mechanic, residing in Turner-lane, in the same borough. The prosecutor, after having a walk, about nine o'clock on the evening, was returning home to his house in Turner-lane, when he was met by the prisoner near the Junction Inn, in the same locality. The prisoner stepped hurriedly up to the prosecutor, and said, "It is you, is it? I have caught you now, and I will blow your brains out," at the same time presenting a pistol. The prosecutor heard the cap of the pistol snap and saw a flash, whereupon he seized the prisoner, but the prisoner dealt him three severe blows with the barrel of the pistol on the left side of the head, and he fell down. The prisoner, however, fell upon him, and the prosecutor held him until assistance came. The prisoner, when taken into custody and charged with unlawfully shooting at and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, replied, "I did not shoot him, but if I could have got near enough to him I would have shot him." Mr. Dalgleish, the chief constable, then examined the pistol, when the prisoner said there was nothing in it but peas. The pistol, however, contained powder and paper, and on a search at the place where the outrage was committed two peas were found. The prisoner afterwards said he had only put peas into the pistol, and intended only to shoot at the prosecutor's legs. The prisoner was committed to the sessions for trial, but bail was accepted, himself in 50*l.*, and two sureties of 25*l.* each. To account for this desperate attack, it was stated that the prosecutor was a tenant under the prisoner for nine or ten years, and when he left the prisoner sued him, in the Ashton County Court, for broken windows and a broken boiler. He did not get the full amount of his claim, and since then several windows have been broken in the house. The prisoner has ascribed the damage to the prosecutor, and was exasperated by his not gaining his action.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE House of Commons assembled on Monday for the first time since the Easter recess. On the order of the day for going into committee on the civil service estimates, Mr. Augustus Smith rose and complained of the growing disposition on the part of the Government to take the house by surprise in voting the public money. In the present instance the estimates had not been in the hands of the members more than two or three days. With a view to imposing a check therefore, he moved as an amendment that the estimates in Class 1 be referred to a select committee. The motion having been seconded by Sir J. Trevelyan, Mr. Peel repudiated the imputation of a desire to take the house by surprise, and said that if the house would consent to proceed with the votes in Class 3, to none of which was there any objection, he was quite willing to postpone the first class. After some further discussion, the amendment was withdrawn, and the house went into committee on Class 3, the various items of which were agreed to. The house then resumed.

SKETCHES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE VAR.

In our last number we gave three views in this interesting region, and now add to them three more.

Cannes consists of a long street, parallel to the sea-shore, offering little to interest the traveller beyond its compact and well-protected small harbour. It commands fine views on the one side over the Lérin Islands, on the other over the Estrelle chain, both covered with trees. It is the port of Grasse, some nine miles off. Grasse has a population of about 18,000, and has, next to Paris, the most extensive manufacture of perfumery in France. This luxury is made from the flowers and roses which grow in great abundance in the neighbourhood. Some of the nursery-gardens near Cannes produce annually, according to "Murray's Handbook," 200,000 francs worth of the flowers of orange, lemon, heliotrope, hyacinth, which are sent to Grasse to supply its distilleries. The views of the Alps from the public walks of Grasse are very striking, as well as the prospect from the high road.

Opposite Cannes, at a distance of about two miles and a half from the shore, lies the Isle of St. Marguerite, covered with wood. It is one of the group of two isles known as Lérins, in whose citadel, now a pentagon fort above the sea, once a state prison, the "Man in the Iron Mask" long lingered. The dungeon in which he was confined from 1686 to 1698 is still pointed out to those curious about the matter; its walls are twelve feet thick, and its solitary window is guarded by treble iron bars. The only approach to it was through the governor's rooms. In the midst of a small garden is a curious square building, with a door in each face. On the Ile St. Honorat are remains of a fortified convent, depicted in our sketch, a church, and a baptistry, recently reduced to ruin, and all worthy of the attention of the antiquary.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HORSE-STEALING.

On Saturday morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, a man was seen to enter the town of Bishop Stortford on horseback, whose movements attracted the attention of the police, and while they were thus engaged one of the Cambridgeshire constabulary came in by the morning train, and gave information that two men had been brutally ill-treated at Sixmile-bottom, near Newmarket, the assailant knocking one of a horse he was mounted upon, then jumping on the animal's back and riding off, at the same threatening to murder them if they followed him. Mr. Inspector Ryder, suspecting the offender was a man that he had been watching, at once went to the George Hotel, and in the stables he found the man giving instructions to the ostler, when he informed him that he should apprehend him on the charge of stealing the horse, and also with intent to murder. The fellow assumed a consequential air, and threatened to ruin the inspector if he did so, although he admitted that he had that morning come from Newmarket: but when Mr. Ryder intimated his intention of executing his duty the ruffian resisted with such determined violence as to make it necessary to handcuff him, and in this manner he was conveyed through the town to the police station. When there he gave his name as William Beaumont Hotham, of 9, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, London, and described himself as a gentleman. The further circumstances of the offence have thus been furnished to our reporter:—Early on Saturday morning two grooms in the employ of Mr. Cassidy, of the Sun and Whalebone Hotel, Harlow, named Marshall and Dedman, left Newmarket, the one in charge of five horses, and the other of a horse and fly. Marshall, who was in charge of the latter, states that when he arrived at Sixmile-bottom he overtook the prisoner, who requested that he would give him a ride, but which he (Marshall) declined to do, when the fellow, he says, jumped up on the fly, and, after proceeding a short distance, struck him a most violent blow on the face, following it instantaneously with another under the ear. He called out to his companion—Dedman—for assistance, who, at the time, was only about fifty yards off with the horses. The prisoner no sooner saw Dedman stop than he jumped off from the fly and advanced rapidly towards him, and, with a silver-mounted oak walking-stick, struck him also a violent blow on the head, and likewise with his clenched hand, causing him to fall off the horse which he was riding. The ruffian then sprang on to the animal's back, and, with horrible exclamations, threatened to murder either of them if he dared to follow him, then galloping away at a most furious pace. Both men say that for a time they were somewhat paralyzed with fear, but that when they came to themselves they proceeded to Wilbraham, and gave information to the police of the occurrence, who rapidly followed after the prisoner as far as Newport, where they took the rail; and Mr. Superintendent Flood, of the Essex constabulary, followed up the road track on to Bishop Stortford. It was in this town, as we have previously stated, that the prisoner was apprehended, and where he was at once taken before the Rev. F. Vander Meulen, one of the Heris magistrates, who, after hearing some formal evidence, remanded the prisoner. In consequence of the outrageous conduct of the prisoner while under examination, the police were compelled to handcuff him, and place the leg irons on. It further appears that the fellow attempted at Newport to borrow from the landlord of the Rose and Crown Inn 5*l.* on a cheque purporting to be drawn by "W. J. Baker" on the London and Westminster Bank for 100*l.*, and which is supposed to be a forged document. This was found on his person when he was apprehended, and likewise a betting book, a beautiful gold ring with a fine cut cornelian stone, and a summons issued on the 9th of April from the Newmarket County Court, for the recovery of 9*l.* 5*s.*, by Mary Clark and Co., of that town, against Hotham, for goods supplied in October, 1862. From this fact, and race-cards in his pocket, the prisoner is no doubt one

SKETCHES IN VAR, FRANCE.



ABBEY OF ST. HONORAT.

of the race meeting pests. He is apparently about forty years of age, dark complexion, and rather good-looking, in height about five feet ten inches, and altogether a well-proportioned, strong-built fellow.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY OF £400.

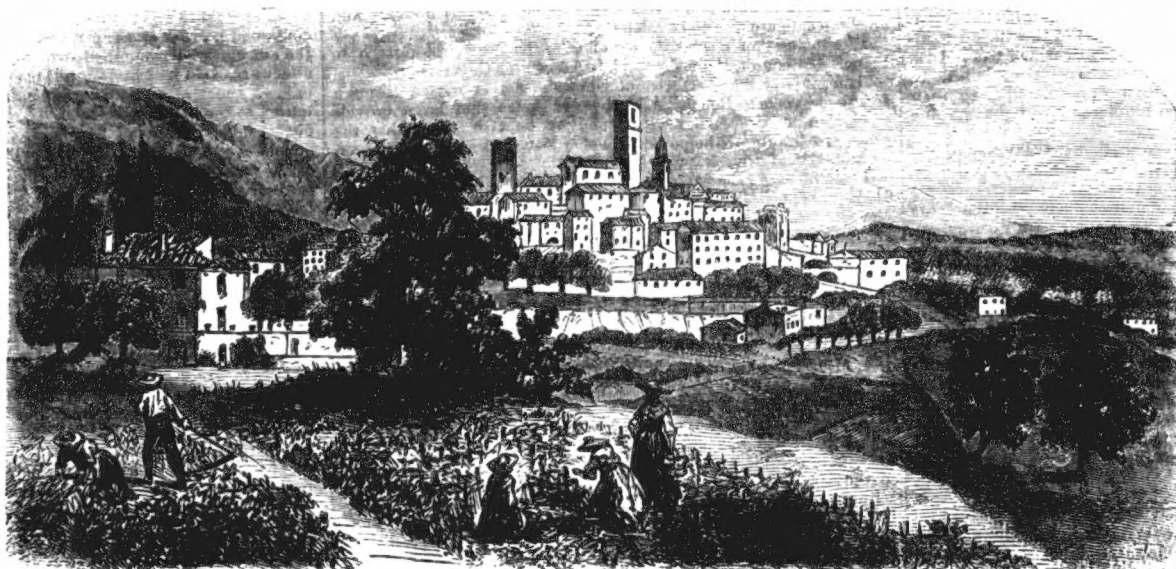
At the Knutsford Sessions, Catherine Coombs, 36, was indicted for stealing 400*l.*, the property of William Morris, at Dukinfield, on the 8th February, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—It appears that Morris is a carter, in the receipt of 17*s.* per week. His wife had 400 sovereigns unknown to him, which she kept in a box in her bedroom. The only persons who knew of the money were one of her daughters (and she only knew in part), and the prisoner, who was a neighbour, and who had been with Mrs. Morris to the bank at Dukinfield to get the money changed into cash. Whilst Mrs. Morris and her daughter went to church on a Sunday evening the prisoner and her sister (who had a child in her arms) paid a visit to the prosecutor's house. During their stay the prisoner, under pretence that she was poorly, kept continually going in and out of the back door. This she did for the purpose of letting into the house two men, who proceeded to Mrs. Morris's bedchamber, broke open her box, and took out the 400 sovereigns; and then, in order to prevent any noise they might make being heard by Mr. Morris, the prisoner's sister remained with him in the front room, and kept rolling her child on the floor, making it laugh and cry to such a degree that its noise effectually drowned what was going on in the back part of the house. On Mrs. Morris's return from church, she discovered her loss. She at once taxed the prisoner, and informed the police. The former denied all knowledge, but when the latter went in search of the two men with whom she had been seen to enter Morris's house on the Sunday evening, and with one of whom she cohabited, they could not be found, and had not been heard of since the robbery. But Mr. Morris did not know that his wife had a farthing, and declared that he had not the remotest idea where she had it from till she came to give evidence in the court on Tuesday. Mrs. Morris had refused to explain how she came to be possessed of 400*l.*, but under the pressure of Mr. McIntyre, who appeared for the defence, she was made to disclose the secret. She said 600*l.* was given to her by a gentleman friend after she had been to London with him for a month. Her husband did not know where she was, nor did her family. She lived with this "gentleman friend" as his wife, and on her return to Dukinfield he gave her six 100*l.* Bank of England notes to take care of. She gave him about 200*l.* back again, but spent some on herself. She changed two of the notes at a bank in King-street, Manchester, and the rest she got cashed at a bank in Dukinfield. She changed them into cash in the prisoner's presence, on hearing of so much Bank of England paper having been stolen. Her husband was quite ignorant of the money, and of the circumstances under which it had been obtained. On being pressed both by the court and Mr. McIntyre she said the "gentleman friend's" name was Raines, formerly a boiler-maker, but now independent. She had done a deal of work for him, such as getting up linen. He lived not far from her house. In summing up the chairman alluded to the enormity of the disclosure made by the woman Morris. At first he was inclined to disbelieve that she ever had 400*l.*, but on hearing the shocking revelations that had been wrung from her he thought her statement, bad as it was, strengthened, rather than weakened, the probabilities of the case. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," and she was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

THE HEROINE AND HEROES OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

A LETTER from Cracow has the following:—

"The Austrian Government has at last liberated Mademoiselle Pastovoydova (whose name, by the way, is generally misspelt). It had no right to imprison her at all, as she is a Russian subject, being the daughter of Colonel Pastovoydoff, a Russian, of the Russian army, and of a Polish lady. This is not the first time, however, that Mademoiselle Pastovoydova has been deprived of her freedom. You have probably heard that when she was quite a child she was shut up at Zitimir in a convent, for uttering some sentiment opposed to the noble principles on which the Russian empire is governed. She succeeded, however, after about two years' incarceration, in making her escape, and on the outbreak of the Polish insurrection took the earliest opportunity of placing her military and equestrian talents at the service of the Dictator. Opinions are divided in Cracow as to her beauty. The men think her charming; the women 'cannot see what there is to admire in her,' from which it must be inferred that they cannot see her eyes, or her hair, or the expression of her face. According to the male estimate of her age, she is eighteen; according to the female, twenty-eight. I believe the truth is that she is about eighteen and a-half. At all events, she is very young to have had three horses killed under her—a fact as to which all persons seem to be agreed. It is quite certain, too, that she led a charge of scythemen at Grochowiska. The Kosanieri were hesitating before a well-sustained fire of Russian infantry, and could not be got to advance, when the pretty aide-de-camp rode in front of the regiment, and—apparently by the mere force of personal attractiveness—drew it forwards. The Poles will go anywhere after a good-looking woman, and at Grochowiska this weakness proved a source of strength.

"Rochbrune is now expected every day. It is said that he will bring with him from France a good supply of rifles, and a number of non-commissioned officers of Zouaves, who, by a strange and fortunate chance, had an elastic term of leave granted them just after the arrival of the Franco-Polish colonel in Paris. A young Scotchman, possessing more of the romance attributed to the Scotch by the French than of the prudence assigned to them by the English, arrived here a few days ago in order to join the insurrection, and is chafing with impatience at not being already on the other side of the frontier. On entering Austria, he was asked at the passport-office for what purpose he was going to Cracow. 'To take service under Langiewicz,' was his answer. The police thought they could not have heard aright, and repeated their question. Receiving the same reply, they recommended the youthful warrior to go back to Munich, the place from which he had just started. At Munich he took another ticket for Vienna, and the second time passed without being interrogated, but did not get to Cracow until Langiewicz had already broken up his camp. He is appointed to a cavalry regiment, and, as he has never been in any army, thought he might as well have a little preparatory drill before joining his future comrades. He was told, however, that that was out of the question; that the regiment was not yet formed; that he would have to go some hundreds of miles from Cracow before he would get his horse and arms, which were waiting for him on the probable scene of action; and that he would learn much more by an hour's actual experience in face of the enemy than he could possibly acquire by a week's regular drill, which, indeed, would be more likely to do him harm than good. All that is required to enter the Polish cavalry is that the candidate should be a good horseman. All that is expected of him in the field is that he should do his best to kill a Russian, either by riding over or running him through, or by both processes. As the Poles learn foreign languages by persistent endeavours to speak them, so they now learn the art of war by actual fighting. The principles and rules according to which battles ought to be fought—in short, the grammar of the art—will be studied afterwards. No doubt this system, or want of system, would not answer at all with the class of men out of which armies are generally formed. It may be doubted, too, whether it will succeed in this particular case. An English cavalry officer passed through here about ten days ago on his way to Podolia. The Austrians knew his name in connexion with Italian affairs, and knew it better than they like it. Accordingly, they discovered that the future chief had something wrong in his passport, and he has, for the present, gone back to Vienna. Of course, too, an eccentric Englishman has turned up, of whom such anecdotes are told as used to be circulated respecting Colonel Peard in Italy. The eccentric Englishman in Poland is said to have made a vow to kill a certain number of Russians. He carries with him (declare the anecdote-mongers) a register, in which he purposes to note the fall of the victims as they go down before his unerring rifle. When he has slain as many as he has sworn to slay, he means to go home, without troubling himself in the slightest degree about the solution of the Polish question in a political sense."



GRASSE.

PILLAR LETTER-BOXES.—The *Northern Whig* says:—"A professional gentleman, a solicitor in town, has handed to us a letter which he wrote to a client on legal business, and posted in the Donegal-place pillar-box on the 17th December, 1861. It was found—still in the box—on the 4th of March, 1863, together with a number of others. The person who collects the bags believed on that day that a letter had fallen through a crevice. He reported the matter at the local office, the bottom of the pillar-box was removed, and there, quietly reposing since A.D. 1861, was found the solicitor's letter to his client and a number of others."

"You are determined to get in a broil," as the chick said to the grid-iron.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN POLAND.

A CRACOW letter has the following:—

"The secretary of the British embassy at Vienna arrived here a few days ago to inquire into the circumstances attending the attempted murder of Mr. Finkenstein, who, strange to say, is recovering, and is now able to walk. The description of Mr. Finkenstein's passport, as entered in the books of the frontier station at Baran, has been examined, and his account of the onslaught made upon him by the Russian soldiers taken down, read over to him, and duly attested. To my former narrative of this horrible affair I may now add some particulars supplied to me (at my own request) by M. Bielaki, the proprietor of Gebultow, the village where the outrage was perpetrated. Mr. Finkenstein only knew that after he had remained for some time in his carriage (on Sunday morning, the day after his capture), guarded by a Junker and four sentinels, four Poles were brought to his side, and that immediately afterwards a furious attack was made upon them and upon himself by the soldiers, against which the efforts of the officers to save the prisoners proved quite unavailing. It appears that for about an hour before the massacre the Russians had been engaged in searching and robbing the house of M. Bielaki. The major commanding the Russian column (composed of several companies of the Smolensk Regiment of Infantry and of the brigade of sharpshooters, with a detachment of Cossacks and dragoons) was present, endeavouring by a judicious use of the revolver, to restrain the excesses of his men. In going over the house to look for arms the soldiers stole whatever they could lay their hands upon; they also assaulted and wounded many of the servants; but in presence of their determined chief they were obliged to preserve a certain decorum, and confine themselves to pocketing chimney ornaments and other portable articles when his eyes were turned another way. An officer of Cossacks entered the room where M. Bielaki's wife and daughters, with several other ladies, were collected, wearing his cap, when the major at once knocked it off. With this one exception all the officers seem to have done their duty as gentlemen and men of honour. I asked M. Bielaki, why the major, who was perpetually exhibiting his revolver, did not make use of it and shoot one soldier in order to discourage the others. 'He was on the point of doing so,' was the reply, 'but we entreated him not to. It would have been the signal for a general massacre of the officers. The major was the only one who could enforce any sort of obedience; and yet, when he menaced one of the men, and said to him, "I have a bullet here for you," the answer made to him was, "And I have two for you." The fury of the soldiers was so great at not being allowed to pillage the house that M. Bielaki, for the sake of his family and of a number of visitors who were staying with him, offered to give it up to plunder. He also proposed to constitute himself a prisoner, on condition of being allowed to send the ladies away; but the major would hear nothing of the kind, and said that, the search for arms finished, the soldiers should go, and that no one should be injured. When the troops were ordered to leave the chateau of Gebultow they began to growl like beasts deprived of their prey, and at the first command did not move a step. The major repeated the order in a peremptory tone, and a cry was raised of 'He's an insurgent! He's a Pole! He's against the Emperor!' M. Bielaki's wife and daughter, a beautiful little girl of six or seven years of age, now retired to the chapel with the ladies who were staying at the house, and went down on their knees, expecting every moment to be assassinated. M. Bielaki remained with the major, who preserved all his calmness, and ultimately succeeded in driving the ruffians out. They went into the courtyard, cursing and blaspheming, and muttering that they would burn the house down before they had done with it. The major was endeavouring to form the column, and giving directions to the officers, who could not get the men together, when a number of soldiers of the Smolensk Regiment called out, 'Kill the prisoners,' and rushed towards Mr. Finkenstein's carriage, by the side of which four Polish prisoners were standing under the guard of a Junker and four sentinels. How the prisoners were saved for a moment by the energetic attitude of two officers who happened to be near, and how they were ultimately knocked down and bayoneted, has already been told. You may remember that three of the Poles were killed on the spot; the fourth, like Mr. Finkenstein, was left for dead. M. Bielaki saw the massacre from the door of his house, and hastened to inform the major of it. The major struck his forehead in despair when he heard that Mr. Finkenstein had been murdered, and exclaimed, 'My God! what a position I am in! I did my best to save them all, but I gave the one my solemn promise that nothing should happen to him!' The chateau of Gebultow was now surrounded by the soldiers, intoxicated and enraged by their own bloody work, and 'Burn it down! burn it down!' was roared out by 600 savages. Altogether the place and all its inmates had been threatened with destruction for an hour and a-half, when the major at last got the column into movement. It had not proceeded many paces when it halted, and many of the men turned round and declared that they would go back to the house. The major assured them that the first who tried the experiment might consider himself a dead man, and the experiment was not tried. But the grumbling and muttering still continued, and a noise like the growling of 600 bears was heard until the column was out of sight. When it was last seen the soldiers were still hesitating and refusing to march, and the major was still riding along the side picking out the most turbulent among the military mob, and subduing them by his voice, his gestures, and the presentation of the eternal revolver. It would be unfair to this officer, who is an honour to the Russian army, just as much as the Smolensk Regiment is a disgrace and shame to it, and to the whole country, not to mention that his name is Benikowski. He is no re-

lation to the well-known Prussian-Polish deputy and chief of the staff under Langiewicz of the same name, but belongs to a thoroughly Russian family. After the Russian troops had disappeared, the members of M. Bielaki's family came out to see what could be done for the prisoners, though they had every reason to fear that they were already beyond the reach of assistance. Mr. Finkenstein's face was one red mass, and the first thing he remembers after recovering his consciousness is Madame Bielaki leaning over him, and washing away the blood, which was flowing from a frightful wound in his forehead. She was disturbed in her charitable occupation by a cry that the Russians were returning. This was an error. The troops that were approaching were not those of a regular Government pretending to be civilised, but of Langiewicz, the insurgent chief, who, as the reader is already aware, directed the surgeon of his staff to attend Mr. Finkenstein to his hotel at Cracow, and not to leave him until he was well. The one wounded Pole who still lived was confided to the care of another doctor, and was also removed to Cracow, to the hospital of the Hotel de Saxe. The journey to Cracow must have been dreadfully trying, not only to the patients, but also to their medical attendants; the roads being so bad that the carriages on which the wounded men were placed were constantly on the point of upsetting. Langiewicz's surgeon had to walk the last twenty miles (the whole distance from Gebultow to Cracow is about thirty) holding the side of the carriage or cart in which the patient was lying, propping him up from time to time, and expecting every moment that the jolting would disarrange the

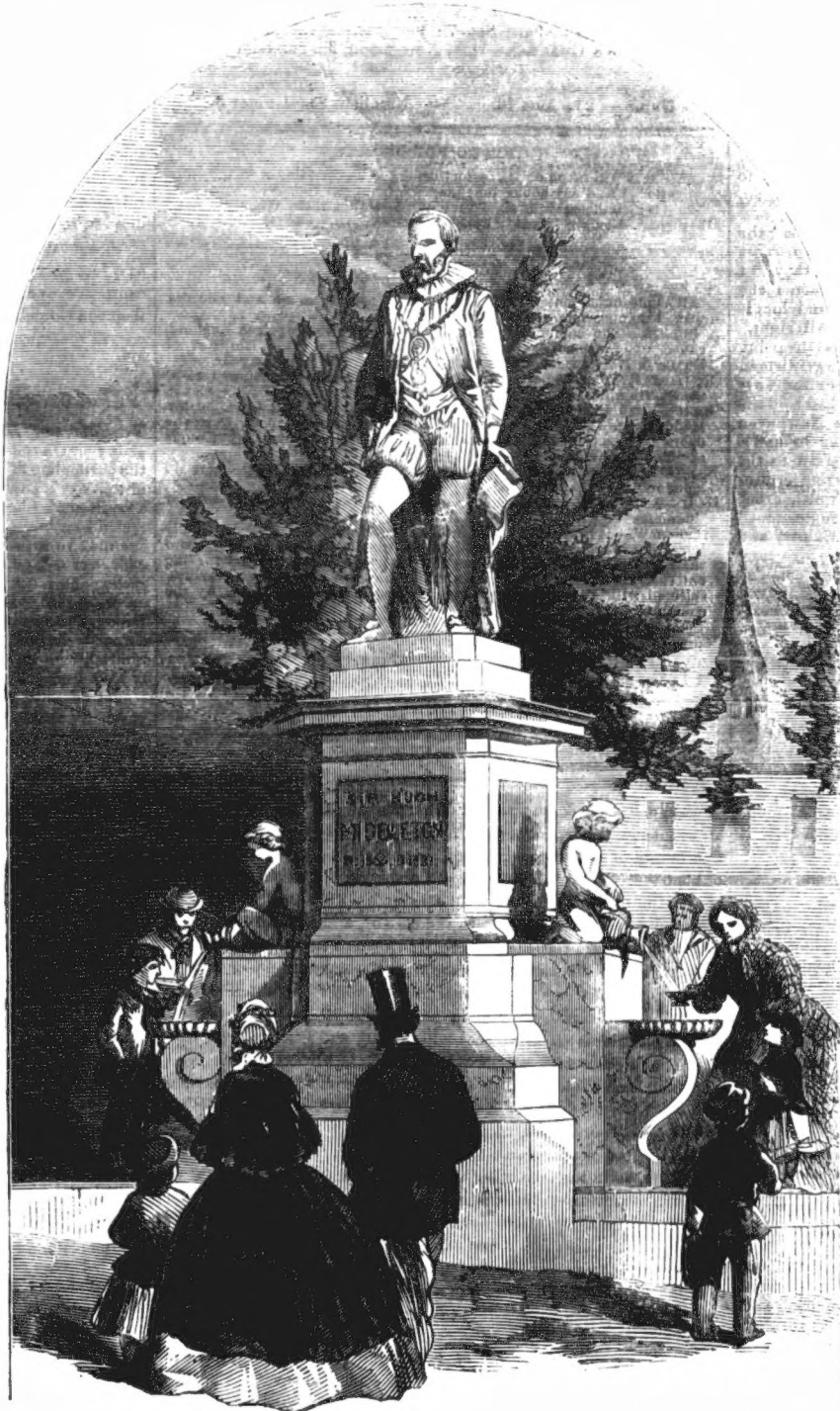
THE LOSS OF THE ORPHEUS SLOOP OF WAR

The following is the account given by Lieutenant Hill of the loss of the Orpheus, on the bar of Manukan Harbour, New Zealand:—

"As we approached the bar there was nothing more to see in the shape of rollers or sea on than I had been led to expect. The signal from the pilot station had been flying since 11 30 a.m., 'Take the bar;' the commodore and master were very attentive with the chart on the bridge, and very particular in the steerage of the ship, and in their orders to the engine-room to keep the steam at command, the signal officer and signalman on the look-out. At about 1.30 she touched slightly in the after part, when the commodore gave the order, 'Give her all the steam you can.' At about 1.40 the ship struck forward; order given, 'Astern full speed;' but the engines or screw never moved. At the same time the commodore ordered 'Hands shorten sail.' The ship broached to, with her head to the northward, lurching heavily to port, the rollers setting in from the westward, which immediately made a clean sweep of the upper deck, taking away port quarter boats (second cutter and jolly-boat), netting, and bulwark. Sail was shortened as far as possible, the men not being able to keep the deck; immediately the ship took the ground the hatchways were battened down, which, however, proved perfectly useless, as the fastenings were thrown up by the bumping of the ship. The commodore then ordered the port guns to be thrown overboard (we succeeded in lightening the ship of four guns), and the starboard cutter to be manned

and lowered, the paymaster and secretary to place in her his private signals, the public records, and the ship's books; but from the heavy lurching of the ship the men were unable to pass all the books they wanted; some were lost overboard. Mr. Fielding had orders to land what he had got and return. After great difficulty the cutter got clear of the ship. She was reported to be swamped two or three times. When seen on one occasion five hands were observed to be missing. About this time a steamer was seen coming out of the Heads. The commodore next ordered the pipe, 'Hands out boats,' yards and stays having previously been tried up. The pinnace was the first boat out. As I was returning from the maintop Commander Burton ordered me into the pinnace to go to the assistance of the cutter; the commodore then came to the starboard gangway, and on my telling him that I had seen the cutter all right when on the main yard he ordered me to take Mr. Amphlett, paymaster, who was well acquainted with the shore, for the purpose of getting assistance. Mr. Amphlett was then and there told to jump into the boat; this was at 2.30. We shoved off, and with great difficulty, from the strong ebb, cleared the ship. As we proceeded I observed the smoke of a steamer to the southward, going seaward. After a two hours' pull against a heavy rolling sea, we wore the Ninepin, when I spoke Mr. Wing in the pilot boat. We learnt from him that the steamer in sight (now seen coming up the South Channel) was the Wonga Wonga, returning to the Heads, that he had no boat to send to the Harrier to report our distress, that there was a lifeboat hauled up on shore, but no hands or means to get her afloat; it would take twelve men a considerable time. The cutter now came up with us; Mr. Wing and his Maories came into the pinnace, while Mr. Amphlett, two sick men, and two boys, and two others started off in the whaler of the Harrier. We pushed on to the steamer, now between the Heads, waving, signaling, and making every effort to gain her attention; after some delay she turned round and closed us, taking pinnace and cutter in tow, proceeding to the wreck, which we reached at six p.m. I found her very much lying over to port, the masts all standing, the crew in the rigging above the tops, the sea at times sweeping as high as the futtock rigging; the sails had been cut away from the yards, it being impossible to furl them. Taking, in addition, the pilot's boat crew, four young Maories with the pinnace being to windward of the wreck, we dropped down to about thirty or forty yards on her starboard bow, hailed the men on the bowsprit and jibboom jump off and swim for it. I picked up seven or eight; having drifted to leeward, the steamer came and towed me to windward. I dropped down a second time with the cutter in company. This time three or four more men were taken in the pinnace, and the boatswain and four or five in the cutter. It was now about seven o'clock; the flood tide had made, the rollers soon became very high and dangerous on the change; the jibboom broke off short by the cap; it was quite impossible, with safety to the boats, to remain any longer by the wreck. As I was going back I shouted to the wreck to make a final attempt, but none would venture. The steamer picked up boats and anchored

close to the north side of the South Spit; distant from wreck about three-quarters of a mile. This was at eight o'clock. At 8.30 the masts went. Boats returned to the wreck. The Wonga Wonga kept burning blue lights, blowing her steam whistle, and ringing her bell. The pinnace picked up six or eight, and returned to the steamer with one or two in the last stage of exhaustion. On again nearing the wreck I found the ship completely broken up. It was a beautiful clear moonlight night, and masses of the wreck kept passing in with the flood, clinging to which Lieutenant Yonge and six or eight men were saved. The cutter got so far to leeward that she made for the land, the pinnace returning to the steamer. We remained on deck the whole night, keeping a sharp look-out. At daylight nothing could be seen of the ill-fated Orpheus but a stump of one mast and a few ribs. From the commencement and during the whole proceedings nothing could exceed the coolness and decision of Commodore Burnett, C.B., the commander, and the officers, all in their stations, sentries on the spirit rooms and store rooms; while the good feeling and steadiness of the men was beyond all praise, remaining at



THE HUGH MYDDLETON STATUE AT ISLINGTON GREEN.

bandages and reopen one or more of the thirty-two wounds inflicted upon him by him by the daring Regiment of Smolensk."

SIR HUGH MYDDLETON'S STATUE AND FOUNTAINS.

THE New River is a stream well known by all Londoners, and has ever been a stream of great interest to the juvenile disciples of Isaac Walton. Great changes have taken place of late years by the covering in of the little river near its termination at Sadler's Wells. It takes its rise near Ware, in Hertfordshire; and its serpentine course to the metropolis in many places adds a great charm to the landscape and various suburban residences. The above fountain was recently erected by the inhabitants of Islington, in commemoration of the noble enterprise and useful labours of Sir Hugh Myddleton in bringing it, some two hundred years ago, to London. Sir S. M. Peto, with his accustomed liberality, gave the funds for a statue of the worthy knight, and a sum was raised by subscription for a base, from which most appropriately a constant supply of water flows for the refreshment of all passers-by.

their posts until ordered by the commodore to mount the rigging. Many were washed overboard in obeying orders."

The *New Zealander* says:—

"Had White's lifeboat been able to be launched and manned, we are informed, upon good authority, most of the ill-starred seamen might have been saved. The heavy guns broke adrift about half-past five p.m., tearing up the upper-deck, and driving the people to the tops, the rollers becoming longer and heavier. The masts stood firmly until the flood tide made, at half-past six p.m. They then began to go, and the ship parted in halves, the rollers breaking into the tops. When the masts went the crew gave three cheers, as if taking farewell of life."

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER VIRGINIA.

EARLY on Saturday morning a Channel steamer put into Plymouth, and landed eighteen persons from the Confederate cruiser *Virginia*, late the *Japan*. Two of these persons were men who had been scalded through the bursting of a feed pipe in the engine room of the *Virginia*, whilst they had been acting as firemen, and they are now in the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, at Plymouth, under medical treatment for the injuries they have sustained. In consequence of this arrival something has been learnt respecting the manning, the escape, and the arming of this new Confederate cruiser. The well-known firm of the Denny, of Dumbarton, built the *Japan* for, it was supposed, the Emperor of China. She is a very fine steamer, of 700 tons burden, and is fitted with engines of 250 horse power. She was launched on the 16th of January last, and sailed from the Clyde on the 3rd of April. When she left the Clyde she had been named the *Virginia*, and some forty carpenters went out in her to construct a magazine. These returned to Greenock in the tug steamer that towed the *Virginia* out. After the *Virginia* left the Clyde she made her way round into the English Channel. In the meantime one of the steamers that ply between Newhaven and France, principally for the conveyance of French produce intended for the London market, had been taken up by "a gentleman" to convey some packages and hardware across the Channel. He stipulated for the power of taking the steamer to another port than the one to which she ordinarily traded, or to discharge the cargo into another vessel if he thought fit to do so. The steamer, however, did take some passengers for France, and left Newhaven as if on her regular voyage across the Channel. The captain, however, had instructions from the owners to follow the directions given the "gentleman". When they got fairly into the Channel the latter said, before going across, she wished to make for a certain point, meaning the latitude and longitude somewhere between Plymouth and Falmouth. "All right," said the skipper, and away they went, and soon arrived at the point indicated, and there found a steam-vessel, with which the gentleman said he would like to communicate. He went on board the new steamer, but soon returned and told the captain that he had sold the cargo, and it must be put on board that vessel. The Newhaven man brought his craft alongside, having the misfortune to carry away his boom in doing so. The cargo was transferred to the larger steamer, which was no other than the Confederate cruiser *Virginia*, and the cargo of the Newhaven steamer was guns, arms, and ammunition. The cargo safely transferred, some seventeen men were transhipped from the *Virginia* to the Newhaven steamer, and these included the two men injured by scalding, and who are now in the Hospital at Plymouth. With these men, on the "gentleman's" directions the Newhaven steamer made for Plymouth, and arrived there early on Saturday morning. The *Virginia* has gone westward, probably to follow the practices of the Alabama. She is described as a vessel of great strength, and capable of a high rate of speed. She is armed with ten guns in addition to two of Whitworth's 68-pounders on pivots.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM STARVATION IN BETHNAL-GREEN.

On Monday morning, Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, resumed at the Victory Tavern, Friar's-mount, Bethnal-green, the inquiry respecting the death of Sarah Moore, who, it was alleged, died from starvation, under circumstances which involved a serious charge of inhumanity against the workhouse authorities.

Deceased was the wife of a watch finisher named William Moore, and the family, consisting until recently of ten children, resided in one room at No. 3 Old Nicol-street, Bethnal-green, for which they paid 3s. rent. The father's earnings being only 14s. per week, the family lived in extreme misery upon the 11s. weekly. They were almost naked, their only clothing consisting of one garment each, and they had no shoes or stockings. One of the sons was, on a recent occasion, for forty-one hours without food, and only got some when his sister, clad merely in a thin frock, and barefooted, went late at night to the person who had married the eldest daughter and borrowed a shilling. The parish authorities always refused assistance, but offered orders to go into the workhouse, and only once for a month gave 2s. 6d. a week while deceased was in her confinement.

Frederick Sale, deceased's son-in-law, said that lately while out endeavouring to get food or employment she got wet through, and being very ill she went to the overseer and asked him to take the children into the house, as she could do nothing for them. The overseer not only refused, but positively bullied her. She died soon after, and the nine children were expected to die also from their extraordinary sufferings.

Mr. J. Massingham, parish surgeon, said that he was sent to the deceased the day previous to her death. She was prostrated from fever. He made a post mortem examination. The stomach and intestines contained but one teaspoonful of food. Death resulted from fever, and was accelerated by long privation and want of food. She would have recovered most likely if she had had proper food.

William Moore said that he had applied to the parish for relief twelve months ago, and he was refused out-door relief. He was then earning about 12s. or 13s. a week, and after paying the rent he had only the balance to support eleven persons. The parish authorities nevertheless told him that they would give nothing—he should enter the house. He and his family did not like to break up their little home—bad as it was. The parish was now giving a little relief to him.

Mr. Burrows, the coroner's officer, said that one of the overseers promised to be in attendance, but he was not in court.

The Coroner then summed up, and

The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased died from the mortal effects of fever, and that her death was accelerated by long privation and want of proper food."

Mr. Collins hoped that the jury would say that the parish was not to blame. The statements made were most injurious to the character of the officials.

The Coroner said that he could not accept such a statement as part of the verdict, but the jury were generally of opinion that no blame attached to the parish authorities.

The brig *Auspicious*, of South Shields, which sailed from the Tyne for Hamburg on the 28th of March, was lost on the Broom Reef on the 31st. One of the boats has come ashore at Emden, and as nothing has since been heard of the unfortunate crew of the brig, there is every reason to fear that they have perished.

BOW BELLS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 24, for Wednesday, April 22, 1863,

CONTAINS:—

THE QUEEN'S MCKEETERS: A Tale of the Days of Charles the Second. Illustrated.
Picture Sketches.—The Blind Asylum, Edgbaston, Birmingham Wyddington, Edgbaston Illustrated.
Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts.—A Night with the Sioux Warriors. A Trip to Sea. Singular Serpent.
The Fine Arts.—The Post-boy in a Storm.
Essays.—A Few Words about Crinolines. About People.
The Ladies' Page.—The Work-table. The Toilette, and Ladies' Guide. Sayings and Doings.
The Zingara Girl: or, Fifty Years Ago. A Romance. Illustrated. Our Portrait Gallery.—Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston.
Vaninka: A Tale founded on Fact. Illustrated.
Effect of a Falsehood.
The Idiot Wife. By Alfred Gaudelot.
An Indian Romance of Truth and Mystery. By Mrs. James J. Rogers.
Isabel Montclair. By Lady Louisa Emwood.
Poetry.
Household Receipts.
Notices to Correspondents.
Varieties.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
18	s	Jeffries, unjust judge, died, 1689	2 4	2 22	
19	s	2nd Sunday after Easter	2 41	2 58	
20	m	Cr. mwell dis. Long Parliament, 1653	3 16	3 34	
21	t	Abelard died, 1142	3 51	4 8	
22	w	Fielding born, 1707	4 26	4 43	
23	t	St. George	5 1	5 19	
24	f	Sun rises 4h. 49m. Sets 7h. 9m.	5 39	5 59	

MOON'S CHANGES.—18th, New moon, 3h. 5m. a.m.

MORNING.

Numbers 23; Acts 16.

EVENING.

Numbers 25; 1 Peter 3.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

A CURATE.—The confederacy of the Northern Powers against England, called "the armed neutrality," was commenced by the Empress of Russia in 1780, but its objects were defeated in the following year.

CONSTANT READER.—The length of the River Thames is assumed to be nearly 215 miles.

BUSKIN.—The Princess's Theatre was opened for the first time, by Mr. Maddox, on the 26th December, 1842. The performances were the opera of "La Sonnambula," and the late Gilbert A. Beckett's burlesque of "The Yellow Dwarf."

NERO.—Links were carried before carriages and foot passengers in London as late as 1807.

H. L.—Asbestos is a fossil stone, which may be split into threads or filaments.

STEPHEN W.—It is said that the Houses of Parliament can never be wholly burnt down again, as there is very little wood about the building, and the main joists and beams are of iron. The stone employed for the external masonry is a magnesian limestone from Arston, in Yorkshire, selected with great care from the building stones of England by the commissioners.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is happily so seldom that one of her Majesty's ships is lost, that an event like the wreck of the *Orpheus* is felt like the sudden death in a family of a strong son, full of health and hope, and in the prime of his days. There is everything to make the loss of a British man-of-war the most unexpected of all accidents within mortal ken, the most difficult to account for. In the case of a merchant ship it is easy to conjecture rashness, or negligence, or want of skill, or unseaworthiness. The ship may have been too eager to make a passage, or to discharge a valuable cargo; she may have been ill-found, ill-manned, ill-handled. But in a man-of-war every precaution against all calculable mischances which skill, and science, and discipline, and perfect equipment can provide, is always present and always in active operation. It seems like an injury done to the laws of Nature when one of her Majesty's ships founders at sea and is no more heard of, or strikes upon a shoal or reef unmarked on the chart, or goes to pieces on a harbour bar. Even when there is no loss of life, as in the case of the *Conqueror*, we all feel it as a sort of domestic misfortune; but nothing like this loss of the *Orpheus* has happened since the *Avenger* struck a sunken rock and went down with all hands in the Mediterranean. Assuredly, in such a case as this, it is not the cost of the ship and her armament that we begin to count, though the *Orpheus* was a crack ship of her class, and it was her first commission. It is the grievous and irreparable loss of one hundred and ninety as gallant men and lads as ever trod a deck, out of a ship's company of two hundred and sixty officers, seamen, boys, and marines, that is mourned in every English household, as to each and all a private and personal loss. Ships we can replace; but seamen such as those who met death as calmly and as dutifully on the shattered wreck of the *Orpheus*, in the broad daylight, and almost within hail of a friendly shore, as in storm or fight, how shall this true defence of England be spared? Who can read this short, sad story, as it is told in the simple, manly language of Lieutenant Hill's report, without the pang of a miser from whom the most precious treasure is wrung? If there is any consolation, it is to be found in the noble example of the lamented Commodore Burnett and Commander Burton, who refused to leave their ship till the last, and in the resolute and even joyous constancy and devotion of the men, who gave three cheers as the masts fell over the side. Every man on board the *Orpheus*, from the moment of her striking on the bar to the moment when she parted asunder, behaved as if each was responsible for the honour of all, and as if all were sealing with their deaths an inheritance of honour.

LANCASHIRE is now well-nigh hopeless. There is no immediate prospect of the termination of the war in America, and no certainty that it may not last for years to come. The extravagant promises

made by men who should have known, and some of whom undoubtedly must have known better, of large supplies from India, from Africa, or from the moon, have proved utterly deceptive. They have served their purpose; they have helped to excuse the timid inaction of our Government at a time when it might have attempted, with every rule of right on its side, and with every prospect of success, to re-open our access to the only available source of supply; and now they are forgotten, or seem to be forgotten, even by those who made them. We never believed in African or Australian cotton, because we were certain that it would take ten years to organize cotton plantations in Africa, and that the value of labour in our colonies at the antipodes is far too high to allow of cotton being produced there at a price at which it could be used in Lancashire. We did not believe in Indian cotton, partly because we knew that the climate and the character of the people were wholly unsuited to the growth of a good and sufficient supply, but principally because we found that no one who knew anything about it—neither merchants, nor manufacturers, nor Indian statesmen—believed in it. Our distrust, and theirs, is now fully justified. The journals which asserted that we should have half-work this year for the Lancashire mills have either retracted or become silent. The reports which reach us of the quality of the cotton that has come in from India are most disheartening. Surat is bad at all times, and the operatives have always been restive when compelled to use a large proportion of it in combination with American. Now that they are forced to use nothing else they find themselves able to earn only half or two-thirds of their former wages, though working the same, and paid at the same rate per yard or per pound; and the condition of the employed, where Surat alone is used, is scarcely better than that of those who are dependent on public charity. And worse than this, the extra supply of cotton from India has been made up by collecting the poorest sort of cotton, mixed with quantities of dirt and refuse, so that the manufacturers turn away from the samples in disgust, or if they purchase, the sight of the filthy, unworkable trash almost breaks the hearts of their people. It may be considered as a fact now sufficiently established by cruel experience, that we cannot depend for our supply of cotton on any other country than the Confederate States of America; and unhappily the prospect in that quarter grows darker every day.

FEARFUL SCENE IN AN INDIAN COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE *Times* of India supplies the following details of an awful tragedy:—"On the 25th ult. a horrible occurrence took place at Raepore, the particulars of which are as follows:—At ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day a powerfully-made man of the Brinjaree caste presented a petition to Lieutenant Faber, the assistant commissioner, who directed him to file his petition in court at four p.m. At the hour named the man returned, and presented his petition, in which he preferred a charge of assault, by which he stated he had sustained loss of character, and felt himself seriously aggrieved. Lieutenant Faber gave an order that the case should be investigated by the Tehseeldar of Droog, and returned his petition to the complainant; but the latter earnestly begged that the case might be tried by Lieutenant Faber himself, who however, refused to do so, when the man declined to receive back his petition. On this the Misl Khwan, or vernacular reader, directed the complainant to leave the court. Finding that entreaties were of no avail, the man left the court, but soon afterwards returned; and notwithstanding the presence of numerous policemen, peons, and others, he managed without being noticed, to walk close up to the Misl Khwan, whom he deliberately stabbed twice with a dagger which he had concealed about his person. After this, he made an attempt to stab Lieutenant Faber, but in doing so, fortunately missed his aim, and fell. He, however, soon recovered himself, and jumping up, flourished the dagger in a most frantic manner. The crowd of persons at the time assembled in the court-house cleared out as quickly as they could; but before they could get away he stabbed one of them, who, like himself, came there with a petition. Lieutenant Faber and Messrs. Wrottesley and De Lang followed him, calling out to the crowd to disarm him; but all to no purpose, as everyone was panic-stricken at the furious conduct of the assassin. A Madras sepoy charged him with his bayonet, but the Banjaree ward off the blow with his dagger, and felled the sepoy to the earth. One of the policemen hereupon struck him a blow on the head with a stick, when the fellow, after ripping open the side of another policeman who happened to come in his way, stabbed himself twice in the stomach. At this juncture orders were issued to shoot him down, and a bullet was sent through his body, which wounded the spine. This placed him completely hors de combat, and on Lieutenant Faber asking him what had induced him to act in the manner he had done, he replied that the Misl Khwan had received a bribe of two thousand rupees from the opposite party to prevent justice being meted out to him. This was all that could be elicited from him, as he was then in a sinking state, and died within an hour of receiving the fatal wound. The policeman whose side was ripped open is considered to be out of danger; but the Misl Khwan, and the other man whom he stabbed, are mortally wounded and dying, if, indeed, they be not already dead."

ORDER IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.—The London newspapers tell us that six lives were lost in the crush of the procession on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. These were the lives of women and children, who were literally squeezed to death by the confusion and pressure of the unmanageable crowd. It is also stated that the passage way for the carriages of the procession could not possibly be kept open, and it was only by tact, coaxing, and management on the part of the persons in attendance, that the crowd was induced to give way and allow a passage for the vehicles. What a pity it is that England has not a "strong Government,"—one strong enough, at all events, to keep the streets open on such an occasion as the marriage of their future sovereign. The British press is very fond of reproaching us with our weakness and incapacity in this respect; but possibly the Prince of Wales may remember the incidents of his own reception in this city well enough to contrast them with those which marked his wedding-day in London. Although our streets were crammed from morning to night—although we had only an ordinary police without arms, and no soldiers to sustain their authority, and although a very large proportion of the hundreds of thousands who crowded our streets on that day were men who bore the Prince and his country no good will, not a life was lost, not a limb was injured, not a woman or child was hurt in the slightest degree, nor did the Prince hear, during the whole day, a single word of personal disrespect. John Bull may find it desirable some day to "strengthen" his Government a little by infusing into it a trifle more of the democratic element.—*New York Times*.

COMMITTAL OF A LADY THIEF.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Mary Ann Bartholomew, a very respectable woman, wife of a tradesman at the West-end of London, surrendered in discharge of her bail to answer an indictment charging her with stealing one packet of needles, value 2s. 6d., the property of Sarah Dodsworth; one letter-case, value 2s. 6d., the property of Elizabeth Ogilvy; two pots of pomade, value 3s., the property of Joshua de Gruchy; and seven printed books, the property of Isaac Vale Mummery and others.

Mr. Ribton appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Sleigh defended the prisoner.

Mr. Ribton, in opening the case to the jury, said that the prisoner appeared to be a person in a very respectable position in life, but if he was rightly instructed he believed it would be clearly proved to them that she had committed a larceny under the circumstances that he would detail to them. On the 24th of March last the prisoner went into the Soho Bazaar about four o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to take a case of needles from a stall, and when followed was seen to throw them under the counter of another stall. When searched, there was found upon her a letter-case, some religious books, and small articles, all of which were proved to have been stolen. She said that she was ready to make any recompense, and that when she took the articles she did not know what she was doing. It was intimated to him by his friend Mr. Sleigh that the facts of the case would not be disputed, but it would be contended that the prisoner had no felonious intent when she took them. He was sure that they would make no distinction between this and any other ordinary case, and that they would decide it, however painful the duty might be to them upon its merits.

Sarah Dodsworth said: I am a widow, and keep a stall in the Soho Bazaar; and on the 24th of March, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner came to my stall. I turned round for a moment, and immediately afterwards I noticed that there was a vacant space upon my stall, and I said, "Oh, there is a needle-case gone." The prisoner said, "Oh, I hope you don't suspect me," and at that moment I saw the packet of needles in her hand. She then bought a pen wiper, paid 1s. 6d. for it, and went away. Before she went she again said, "Oh, I hope you don't suspect me." I spoke to Mrs. Durham, another stall woman, and we followed her, when we saw the prisoner throw something under Mrs. Peeche's stall. Mrs. Durham picked up the packet of needles produced, and they are the same that I missed from my stall. The value of them is 2s. 6d. The prisoner then asked if she should pay for them, but she was taken to the office in the bazaar.

Eliza Young said: I superintend a counter at the Soho Bazaar, and on the afternoon of the 24th of March the prisoner came to our counter and threw a packet of needles under Mrs. Peeche's counter, opposite.

George Wright, police-constable 90 E, said on the afternoon of the 24th of March he was called to the Soho Bazaar, and took the prisoner into custody for stealing the things which he produced. She said she did not know what she was about, as there was something the matter with her nerves. On the prisoner being searched there were found on her seven books, consisting of two New Testaments and five religious tracts, pots of pomade, a letter-case, and several other articles, all of which were identified by different stall owners, and proved to have been stolen.

Mr. Sleigh made a most feeling address on behalf of the prisoner, and remarked that, although he could not positively say that she was insane, yet she had recently lost her mother, and was suffering so much under domestic afflictions that her mind at times was in such a state that she hardly knew what she was about. He should call several witnesses to prove these facts, and also that she had made repeated threats to commit suicide, and was very violent in her conduct. If he should prove this he trusted the jury would acquit her of any felonious intention in taking the articles, and restore her once more to her respectable family.

A very good character was given to the prisoner by several witnesses.

Mr. Ribton, in reply, said the jury should not allow their feelings to influence their judgment. If they did so in this case there was no reason why they should not do so in all other cases where persons of previously admitted respectability were charged with offences of this description. Now, if such a course was followed, he feared that a disturbing influence would be introduced into their courts which would be sadly detrimental to the administration of public justice. The cases cited by his learned friend of things being taken by mistake or under the influence of somnambulism did not apply, and with regard to what was called "kleptomania," upon which a case had been cited by the learned counsel, the ground of justification then set up was when women were in a state of pregnancy, or suffering from any of those functional derangements to which all women are periodically liable. Nothing of the kind was proved to exist in this case. As to the prisoner being subject to fits of deep melancholy and dejection, and being in a state of great nervous excitement, that would not be sufficient in point of law to excuse her if they believed the facts. The learned counsel drew their attention to the fact that the articles taken were just such articles as she might require for her own use. He concluded by calling upon them to decide according to the facts proved and the justice of the case, and not according to the amount of sympathy which had been sought to be excited in their minds.

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," but strongly recommended her to mercy on account of her good character.

In answer to questions from the Assistant Judge,

The policeman said that all the articles found upon the prisoner were stolen, and the owners of them were present to identify them.

The father of the prisoner, in answer to questions by the Assistant Judge, said his daughter was never charged before, and that in her transactions she was strictly scrupulous and honest to a farthing.

The Assistant Judge said it was his painful duty to pass sentence upon the prisoner, and but for the recommendation of the jury it would have been a very severe one. It was stated that this was the first time she had committed anything of the kind, and although the prisoner was a person of good education, that ought not to enter their consideration in passing sentence, which was that the prisoner be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months.

The prisoner, who appeared overwhelmed with shame, said she knew nothing about this, or she would never have done it.

PEASANT GIRL OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

UNHAPPILY the greater portion of the people of Russia are slaves belonging either to the Crown or to private individuals—above twenty-one millions being the property of the former, and twenty-three millions of the latter. They are of good constitution, stout and firmly built generally of a middle stature. They live in wooden cottages, formed of whole trees piled upon each other, and built together; in villages. Sometimes they consist, though rarely, of two stories; they are heated by stoves, and though dirty, are not uncomfortable. Beds are little used, the family sleeping on the ground. They are exceedingly superstitious, each being provided with a sacred corner, in which are deposited figures and pictures of their tutelary saints.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH BURGLARS.

THE other morning, early, Leaves House, the residence of Mr. John Henderson, one of the principal partners in the firm of Messrs. Henderson and Co., carpet manufacturers, Durham, was broken into by burglars, evidently adepts in the profession, and a quantity of silver plate was taken out of the drawing-room, with some wine and brandy. A terrier dog that had been allowed to go at large in the house was found half stifled in the kitchen in the morning, having been drugged. There have been several burglaries committed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, Durham, and Shields during the winter months, and the police of the district have for some time suspected a ticket-of-leave convict named Daglish of being concerned in them. A party of notorious thieves, among whom was Daglish, had taken up their residence in Gateshead, but they had been so closely watched by the police that they betook themselves to Newcastle, taking up their residence in Hindhaugh-street, near the barracks. With a view of satisfying himself that Daglish was staying in Hindhaugh-street, Detective Leitch, of the Gateshead police force, along with Detectives Parker and Thorburn, of the Newcastle force, proceeded to the house on Sunday afternoon. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman, who, on seeing them, appeared to be very much alarmed. The officers pushed past her, and she made off into the street with considerable alacrity. They proceeded up-stairs, and on entering the room found Daglish, the man they were looking for, and another ticket-of-leave man, who afterwards gave his name as Brown, two other men, and two women. The two latter-mentioned men and the women made their escape while the conflict that immediately took place was going on. One of the men got out of a back window, slid down a spout in the backyard, and so got off. As soon as Daglish saw the officers he seized a poker, which at that time was in the fire, and aimed a murderous blow at the head of Leitch. Parker, however, was too quick for him, for he caught the poker before it could reach Leitch's head, though he burnt his hands severely thereby. Daglish let go his hold, but seized a brace and bit, with which he struck Leitch over the head, inflicting a severe wound, from which the blood flowed in streams. Leitch closed with him, Daglish resisting his apprehension with tremendous strength; but Parker assisted Leitch. In the desperate affray that ensued Leitch got hold of the brace and bit, and inflicted some severe blows upon the burglar, whose face was covered with blood. The struggle was most desperate, both the officers and Daglish being covered with blood, but Parker at last got the latter by the neck and completely overpowered him. Thorburn in the meantime had been engaged with Brown, a big powerful man, who, like Daglish, resisted his apprehension with much desperation. Thorburn, however, was helped by a civilian who looked in, and his man was overcome. The two prisoners were shortly after removed to the Westgate police-station, followed by a large crowd, and both burglars and policemen had to be immediately attended by a surgeon. Upon searching the house in Hindhaugh-street, the silver plate stolen from Leaves House, Durham, Mr. Henderson's mansion, together with a quantity of other valuables evidently the proceeds of former robberies, and some pick-locks were discovered by the police. The prisoners were brought up before the Newcastle magistrates, and were remanded. The capture of Daglish has given great satisfaction in the northern towns, for he was known to be a most desperate fellow, and the fact that he had been liberated upon a ticket of leave in the early part of the winter caused very great dissatisfaction. There appears to be little doubt that immediately upon reaching the north he had resumed his old ways, for coincident with his appearance in his former haunts the police began to receive information of burglaries committed in detached houses.

EXECUTION AT MAIDSTONE.

THE last sentence of the law was carried into effect on Saturday morning at twelve o'clock, in front of the county goal at Maidstone, upon Robert Alexander Barton, a lad twenty years of age, who was convicted at the late spring assizes for the county of Kent of the murder, under very cruel and aggravated circumstances, of a little boy nine years of age, by stabbing him in the neck with a knife.

It will be remembered that the offence was committed in the summer of last year, and that the prisoner induced the poor lad to accompany him upon Chatham Lines, and at a secluded spot, near a large chalk heap, he attacked him, and, notwithstanding the desperate struggle for life that was made by the deceased, he succeeded in despoiling him in the way above stated. The prisoner did not appear to have made any attempt to conceal his crime, for, on the day following, he gave himself up to Mr. Everest, one of the superintendents of the Kent constabulary, stationed at Chatham, and gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with the horrid crime. He expressed his determination to plead guilty, and he would no doubt have persisted in doing so, if the trial had come on, as it would have done in due course, at the winter assizes, but upon the application of his counsel the trial was postponed to the spring assizes. The defence of insanity was set up for him, but this failed, and he was convicted and left for execution. For a long time he exhibited a great deal of bravado, but latterly his spirit gave way and he expressed sorrow for his crime.

At twelve o'clock precisely the prisoner mounted the scaffold with a very firm step, accompanied by the executioner. His arms having been pinioned in the usual manner, the rope was adjusted, and the drop almost immediately fell. The culprit appeared to die instantly without a struggle. Up to the last moment the prisoner continued to express his penitence for the crime which he had committed.

DEFRAUDING LOAN SOCIETIES.

At the Middlesex sessions, Charles Ashwin, 55, corn dealer, was indicted for unlawfully conspiring, with two other persons, to cheat and defraud the trustees of the Lisson-grove Loan Society of the sum of 10*l*, and that he did cheat and defraud the said society of that sum.

Mr. Lumley Smith appeared for the prosecution; the prisoner was undefended.

This was a prosecution instituted by a committee of loan-office keepers, in consequence of numerous frauds committed upon them by persons for some years past, and during the last few months only, to the amount of between 300*l* and 400*l*. One of the gang was tried in this court on the 12th of March, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude; he was assisted by another man named William Elsom, who went under the different aliases of Carter, Anslow, and Langton, and who is still at large. The prisoner, also, was engaged in similar transactions, and, although his real name is George Cowther, he went by the names of Ashwin, Holmes, Plink, and Marston.

The prisoner Shaw, convicted last session of applying for a loan at the Lisson-grove Loan Society, gave in the name of Charles Ashwin, of No. 4, Brecknock-terrace, as his security for a loan advanced to Shaw on the 28th of October, 1862, and prisoner, on being waited upon, said he had been in the house four years, and produced receipts for rent and rates for four years. It was in consequence of that statement that the money was lent to Shaw in prisoner's

presence. The amount was 10*l*. The other security was Charles Anslow. It was proved that the prisoner only became the tenant of the house, No. 4, Brecknock-terrace, at Michaelmas, 1862, and the agreement was produced, which the prisoner had been seen to sign, and he left a few days before.

Mr. F. H. Lewis addressed the jury for the prisoner, but he was found "Guilty."

The Deputy-Assistant Judge sentenced the prisoner to be kept in penal servitude for three years.

The Court.

The Queen, Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Prince Louis of Hesse, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

The Princess Louis of Hesse and the infant princess continue to improve.

It appears that the Prince and Princess of Wales are highly pleased with their Norfolk residence, and Lord Harris, in thanking the mayor and town council of Norwich for the recent handsome offering of shawls and dresses, observes:—"It is most gratifying to her royal highness to receive so marked a proof of attachment and kind feeling from the corporate body of the chief town of the county in which she will frequently reside." Mr. G. Willins, of Gorgate Hall, has forwarded to Sandringham a terrier puppy for the Princess of Wales. Lieutenant-General Knollys has acknowledged the offering as follows:—"Sandringham, April 1.—Lieutenant-General Knollys presents his compliments to Mr. Willins, and has been directed by the Prince of Wales to thank him for the terrier puppy he has been so obliging as to send for the acceptance of the Princess. Mr. Willins may not be aware, perhaps, that it is not the general rule of the royal family to receive presents where they have not had the pleasure of being acquainted with the donor personally; but on the present occasion his royal highness has been pleased to make an exception, and on the part of the Princess of Wales again to thank Mr. Willins for his courteous present."

Major-General Seymour has succeeded Lieutenant-General Hon. G. Grey as Equerry in Waiting.

The following bulletin of the health of the Princess Louis of Hesse was issued on Monday:—

"Windsor Castle, April 13, 1863.
"Her Royal Highness the Princess Louis of Hesse has had a most favourable recovery.

"The infant princess continues well.

"CHARLES LOGGCK, M.D.

"ARTHUR FARRE, M.D.

"No further bulletins will be published."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

CHESTER CUP.—4 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Stradella, 4 yrs. 7st 4lb (t).

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—6 to 4 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Hospadar (off, t 7 to 4); 4 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer (t and off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Godding's Macaroni (t); 10 to 1 agst Captain Lane's Blue Mantle (t); 12 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Rapid Rhone (t); 15 to 1 agst Mr. H. L. Wigram's Melrose (t).

THE DERBY.—7 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (t); 15 to 2 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Hospadar (t); 11 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer (t); 16 to 1 agst Mr. Wat's National Guard (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Naylor's Carnival (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. H. L. Wigram's Melrose (t); 25 to 1 agst Sir F. Johnston's Glencobly colt (off); 25 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Astomaton (off); 25 to 1 agst Captain Lane's Blue Mantle (off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Savill's Ranger (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Count Stenkel's Giles the First (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Baron Rothschild's King of the Vale (t).

On Monday afternoon, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Elephant and Castle, Camden-town, on the body of Mr. James Mason, aged fifty, a sculptor, who destroyed himself under the following very distressing circumstances. It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Joseph Durham, the well-known sculptor, in whose establishment the deceased had been engaged many years, and others, that the unfortunate man, who resided at No. 4, Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road, had been suffering the last two years from ill-health. This produced great depression of spirits, but he never exhibited any symptoms of insanity or threatened to destroy himself. He was exceedingly talented in his profession, and in very comfortable circumstances and a single man. On Saturday morning an old friend named Clarke called upon him in Stanhope-street, by arrangement, to accompany him in a walk, but as deceased was not quite ready he left him to make another call in the neighbourhood. Augusta-street, Regent's-park, is in the rear of Stanhope-street, westward, and by the side of the Regalia public-house is a passage or causeway running down to the branch of the Regent's Canal. About ten minutes to eleven Mr. Evans, the landlord of the Regalia, heard the report of firearms, and thinking it was some one shooting his pigeons he ran out and discovered the deceased lying on his face in the causeway and the gun by his side. His head was literally shattered to atoms, and medical aid and the police being sent for, the body was removed to St. Pancras dead-house. The gun (which was produced) was one of several deceased had at his apartments, and it is supposed almost immediately after his friend Mr. Clarke left him he must have loaded the gun and gone to the passage by the Regalia, which is very isolated, and the gates of which had been incautiously left open, and there committed the act. Verdict—"Temporary insanity."

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.—On Thursday forenoon William Arthur, porter at Polmont Station, had an extraordinary escape from instant death. He had been coupling two trains which were about to proceed to Edinburgh, and having done so, he sprang up between them without looking around him, jumped into the space between the rails, and over to the other line, when he observed an engine coming at full speed towards him. Having no time to run, he threw himself down between the rails, and the tender passed safely over him; but he was caught by the sandbox, and dragged along the line for a distance of fourteen yards, when he was dropped. Astonishing to relate, he escaped with a few slight injuries.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

A LIGHT SESSION.—When Parliament met after the Easter recess in 1861 it had eighty-five Bills before it; in 1862, eighty-one Bills; in 1863, only sixty-four Bills.

THE best remedy for toothache, tic douloureux, face-ache, neuralgia, and all nervous affections, is Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills, used according to the directions, allay pain, effectually harden the nerves in decayed teeth, and give power to the whole nervous system, without affecting the bowels. A box is sent free by post for fourteen stamps, from Keadall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—[Advt.]



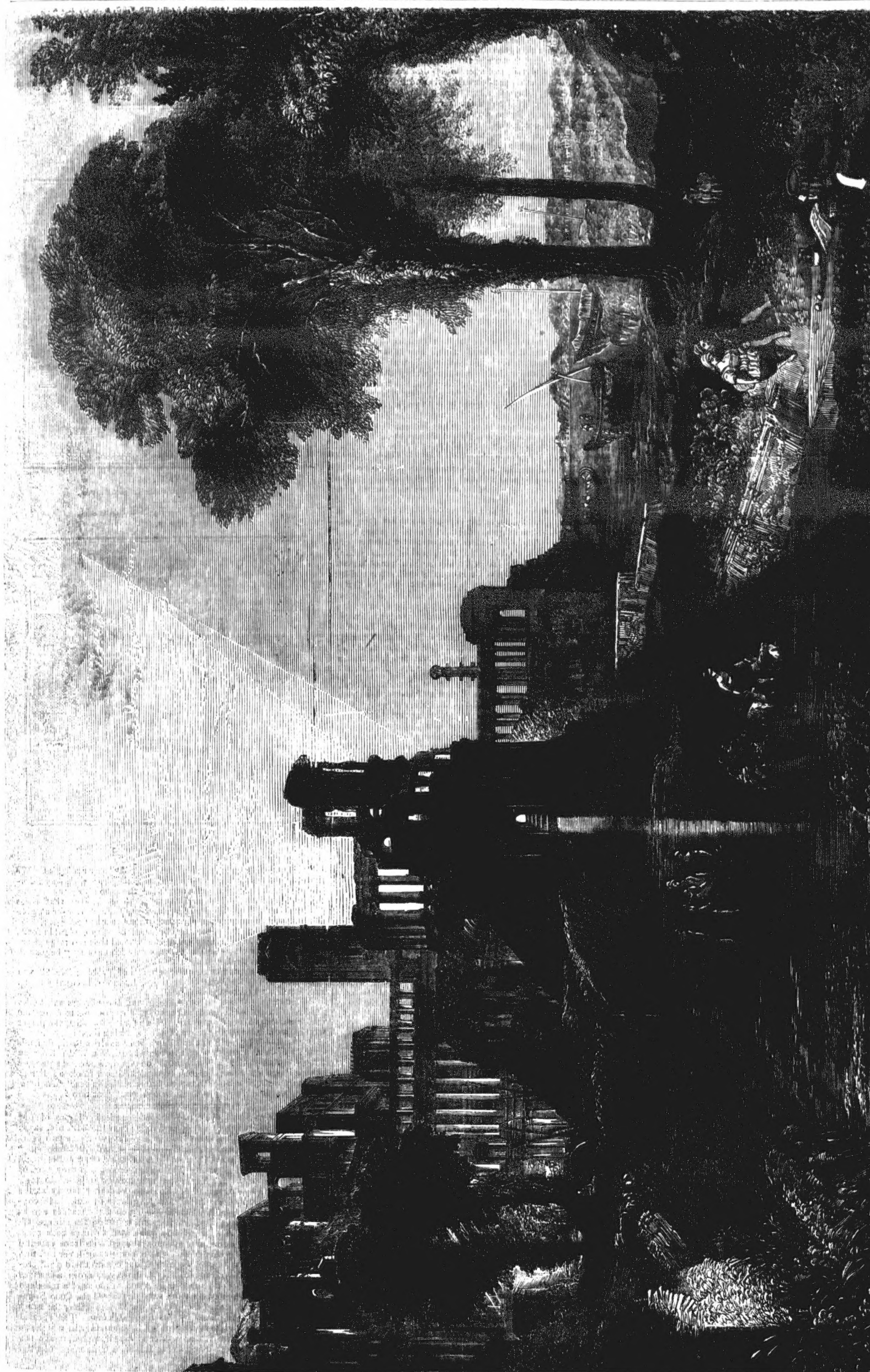
PEASANT GIRL OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA. (See page 439.)

[APRIL 18, 1863.]



APRIL 18, 1863.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



Theatricals, Music, etc.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Saturday witnessed the first appearance of one of the numerous *debutantes* whom Mr. Gye is this season to introduce to the English public. *Mdlle. Fioretti* betrayed no small ambition in selecting for her first essay a character on which so many great artists, from *Grisi* downwards, have set their mark; but we are bound to add that she acquitted herself of her arduous task with great credit. Her voice is a pure soprano of light but very agreeable quality, and thoroughly under the singer's control. Indeed, *Mdlle. Fioretti* is a more finished vocalist than most of Mr. Gye's recent acquisitions. The well-known polacca, "*Son vergin vazzosa*," with all its chromatic and brilliant passages, was executed with extreme neatness and skill. "*Qui la voce*," the scene which depicts *Elvira's* madness, was rendered, too, with truly admirable expression. The time at which *Mdlle. Fioretti* took the *cabaletta* was much slower than that to which we are accustomed, but it was sung with such clearness that the *debutante* received the well-merited compliment of a recall. So genuine was the admiration elicited from a strangely cold audience that we shall watch the lady's career with interest. *Signor Ronconi* made his first appearance in England since the autumn of 1861, in the part of *Giorgio*. We welcome him gladly, but we should have much preferred to see him on the occasion of his *retrance* in any other character. *Signor Ronconi*, as all the world knows, is not only an accomplished vocalist, but he is, without any exception whatever, the most versatile lyric actor in Europe. The character of *Giorgio*, however, is the least suited to him of any in the whole operatic repertoire, for it stands chiefly in need of a powerful voice, an essential in which the Italian *Garriok* is quite deficient. We are pleased to find that, in spite of his severe illness, *Signor Ronconi* evinces no diminution of energy or power, and as a man of genius can never thoroughly fail, there are many points even in his impersonation of the Roundhead soldier which arrest the spectator's attention. *M. Faure*, who sustained the part of *Riccardo* for the first time, was admirable in vocalisation and impressive in action, as he always is. His rendering of the plaintive air in the first act was a model of cantabile singing. *Signor Neri-Baraldi's* voice is not of the most graceful character, but he sang the melodious "*A te o cara*" with so much elegance as to obtain a hearty encore. "*Masaniello*" was repeated on Tuesday, and on Thursday a concert, introducing *Mdlle. Carlotta Patti*, a sister of *Mdlle. Adelina*, who rivals the favourite of the Royal Italian Opera in executive proficiency. After the concert, "*Norma*" was produced. *Norma*, *Mdlle. Antonietta Fracci*; *Adalgisa*, *Mdlle. Dotti*; *Oronzo*, *M. Zelger*; and *Pollio*, *Signor Naudin*. Of this we must speak in our next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This house was opened on Saturday last under the most favourable of auspices, with "*Il Trovatore*." Mr. Mapleson seems to have omitted nothing which could conduce to the success of his enterprise. The whole house has been redecorated; the mouldings of the proscenium and boxes, though unaltered in pattern, have been repainted. We never heard the "*Trovatore*," taken altogether, more finely performed. Each of the chief singers, indeed, is simply the very first of his or her kind now upon the lyric stage. We doubt if any quartet of vocalists, combining to so rare a degree splendour of voice with artistic skill, as *Mdlle. Titens*, *Madame Albani*, *Signor Giuglini*, and *Mr. Santley*, has been heard in London since the days when the glorious four singers for whom "*I Puritani*" was composed were in the zenith of their fame—*Grisi*, *Rubini*, *Tamburini*, and *Lablache*. The large audience were throughout the evening in the highest degree enthusiastic, and we will not attempt to describe the welcome accorded to each artist, or to tell the number of bouquets thrown upon the stage. To *Mademoiselle Titens* a special ovation was awarded. In the *cabaletta* of her "*aria d'entrata*," the German prima donna exhibited more than wonted delicacy in her vocalization; while the same scene served to satisfy the audience that *Signor Giuglini's* voice had regained all the sweetness and beauty which it had last year in some measure lost. He has always been in the habit of surpassing every other tenor in his rendering of the melodious slow movement in the air in the third act, "*Ah! si, ben mio!*" which *Manrico* sings to his bride, and on this occasion it was breathed with such refinement that it met with an enthusiastic encore. The same compliment was of course paid to the popular air, "*Il balen del suo sorriso*," which *Mr. Santley* gave in his best style. Of *Mademoiselle Albani* what can be said but unmitigated praise? She is not merely the first of living contraltos, but the most accomplished vocalist of modern times. The liquid tones of *Signor Giuglini's* voice gave most musical expression to the mournful complaint, "*Ah! oue la morte!*" of the imprisoned *Manrico*; while the dramatic intensity thrown by *Mademoiselle Titens* into the disjointed phrases in which *Leonora* gives vent to her horror, and the efficient singing by the chorus of the impressive "*Miserere*," were equally effective when the scene was repeated in obedience to a unanimous demand. The succeeding duet, "*Mira di acerbe lagrime*," in which *Leonora* appeals to the Count for his rival's life, one of the most dramatic and original "numbers" of the work, was given with all possible fire by *Mademoiselle Titens* and *Mr. Santley*; and the sweet Italian voices of *Madame Albani* and *Signor Giuglini* were deliciously blended in the lovely duetino, "*Ai nostri monti*," in which *Manrico* soothes the gipsy to sleep. The passionate phrase, one of the genuine inspirations of the opera, "*Prima che d'alti vivrai, io volli tua morte!*" which the dying *Leonora* frantically repeats as she clings in agony to the captive whose life she has purchased at the price of her own, was delivered with fervid dramatic energy by *Mademoiselle Titens*, whose death scene was throughout worthy of one of the greatest living artists. We are informed that all the chorus-singers are Italian, and that they have been brought from Turin specially for Her Majesty's Theatre. Wherever they may come from, there is no doubt that they possess voices of remarkable power, and that they sing well. A want of refinement, indeed, is the only fault with which the chorus can now be charged, and we may reasonably hope for speedy improvement in any body of performers subjected to *Arditi's* watchful control. He has effected a complete metamorphosis in the orchestra, which has been strengthened, not merely in numbers, but also in efficiency. Although the opera is old, the scenery employed in "*Il Trovatore*" is entirely new, and in the costumes and mise-en-scene the like renovation is agreeably manifest. On Tuesday and Thursday was given Bellini's favourite opera, "*I Puritani*," with the following powerful cast:—*Elvira*, *Mdlle. Titens*; *Elisabetta*, *Mdlle. Tacchant*; *Walton*, *Signor Bosi*; *Ricard*, *Signor Gassier*; *Bruno*, *Signor Soldi*; *Georgio*, *Signor Violett*; and *Arturo*, *Signor Giuglini*; and a new ballet, in four tableaux, entitled "*La Farfalla*," composed by *Signor Prospero Diani*. The music by *Signor P. Gioze*. *Farfalla*, *Mdlle. Ferrari*; supported by *Mdlle. Berioletti*, *M. Diani*, and *M. Alessandro Paul*. "*Il Trovatore*" will be repeated to-night.

SADLER'S WELLS has been reopened under the management of Mrs. Dudley, who intends to cater for the frequenters of this house with a succession of pieces produced with care and liberality, and supported by acknowledged talent. Amongst the company are *Mr. H. Vezin*, *Mr. Warboys*, *Mr. Maynard*, *Mrs. O. Young*, and *Madlle. Clausen*.

STANDARD.—Great success is attending the production of English operas here, "*Satanella*" has been played during the week, and houses crowded to the roof; and notwithstanding that the theatre is situated in a district where it might seasonably be anticipated the audiences would be the reverse of attentive, show by their attention and quietness that good music has a real charm for them. "*Satanella*" has been produced under the direction of Mr. Rosenthal with a completeness of detail, and attention to dresses and scenery, that do infinite credit to this gentleman's taste and liberality. Mr. Parkinson, as Count Rupert, sings the music with exquisite taste and expression; Madame Tonnelier, unites with a well cultivated voice a good figure and agreeable countenance, and will take high rank in her profession. Of Mr. E. Rosenthal it would be superfluous to speak: his *Arimanes* left nothing to be desired; the celebrated duet in the third act was so well rendered as to be immediately re-demanded.

BRITANNIA.—The wonderful spectral illusion, the invention of Professor Pepper, has been seized upon by the enterprising management at his favourite theatre, embodied in a piece, written for the occasion by Mr. Hazlewood, and the effort is a very happy one, for without the aid of Professor Pepper and his wondrous effect, it is a good domestic drama that would be very acceptable, and probably draw for some time, but with its present attractions cannot fail to secure a long and most successful run. It bears the title of "*Faith, Hope, and Charity*," and turns upon the attempt of a villainous baronet to deprive a clergyman's widow, named Faith, and her two daughters, Hope and Charity, of property, which they possess near his estate. The widow, who is subsequently the ghost introduced by the professor's magical discovery, is murdered by the baronet, and she appears to him in the halls of his mansion at midnight. The scene is an exceedingly well-appointed principal room in a nobleman's mansion, some of the articles of furniture being of a most costly description. Here the baronet is alone, when from the centre of the apartment a skeleton, which moves, arises once or twice, and finally vanishes. The effect of this apparition riveted the attention of the audience in a manner we have seldom witnessed within the walls of a theatre, but when the form of the murdered Faith, which was in point of fact the lady herself who had played the part in the earlier part of the drama, and she, as the ghost, addressed some words, the audience seemed perfectly spell-bound; and their astonishment was further increased when the baronet took his sword and made a thrust at the apparition, for the sword could be seen in its passage through the body of the illusion. This was rendered more perfect by its mouth being seen to move whilst addressing the Baron, the same as it would in life. A considerable amount of applause followed, but the majority of the audience seemed too much entranced by what they had seen to give vent to their feelings. A scene which preceded this of the body of Faith being borne to heaven by angels was a beautiful triumph of the scenic art. Mr. John Parry, as Sir Gilbert Northlaw (the villain of the piece), played with great effect, and a total absence of anything like exaggeration, and rendered the character a very perfect one. Jabez Drake (a good-hearted but graceless countryman) was well played by Mr. W. B. Crauford, and the character of an old man known by the name of Cobweb was equally well supported by Mr. J. Reynolds. The subordinate male characters were well supported by Mr. T. G. Drummond, Mr. G. Cooke, and Mr. G. Blythe, who contributed in a great measure to the success the production met with. A low comedy countryman was well played by Mr. G. Bigwood. The female characters fell to the lot of Mrs. E. Yarnold, and to Mrs. W. B. Crauford and Mrs. S. Lane as Hope and Charity, three characters which called forth all the energies and talent of these ladies. It is scarcely necessary to add that the piece was a most complete success.

PAVILION.—A version of the French drama, by Paul Feval, now playing with such success at the Lyceum Theatre, has been adapted for this theatre by Mr. J. Voltaire, under the title of "*The Duke's Bequest—I am here*." The present adaptation does not differ, in any material respect, from the one now playing. The cast comprises all the leading members of the company, including several very valuable additions, and first among them stands Mr. J. H. Rickards, who played the hero with great dramatic effect; his change from the dashing *Chevalier Legardere* to the Hunchback *Esop* was exceedingly well managed, and stamped him a dramatist of the highest order. The unthankful part of the Prince de Gonzague was very well played by Mr. O. Robbins, as also was the character of the Marquis de Chavertney, by Mr. F. Marchant. Peyroulles, the creature of the Prince, found a very able representative in the person of Mr. A. Saville, who brought out all the repugnant features of the part with full force. Another important addition to the cast is in the person of that old, long-tried favourite at the East end of London, Mr. Harry Rignold, whose performance of *Corcodasse*, the friend of *Legardere* created much amusement, and was a very true portrait of the humorous soldier, as ready with his jokes as with his sword in his defence of a friend. The female characters were divided amongst Miss E. Anstey, Miss M. Campbell, Mrs. Henry Lindon, Miss Rosalie Young (who has returned to these boards), and Miss Maggie Ford.

Several fresh entertainments have been added to the list of those already existing. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have introduced an entire change, and erected "*A Charming Cottage*," the architect being Mr. Halliday, their pleasant habitation having a look-out on Windsor Castle.—Mr. E. Yates has introduced, by the aid of Mr. O. Dickens, some "*Pleasant People*" to his old friends at the seaside.—Mr. David Fisher, the talented comedian, has produced some "*Facts and Fancies*" at the Hanover-square Rooms.—Mr. A. Sketchley wanders nightly to the play with Mrs. Brown.—Miss Fanny Kemble is giving readings from *Shakspeare*—*Madame Tussaud's* comes out with fresh models.—The Polytechnic, Crystal Palace, the music halls, &c., &c. all offer great and varied attractions to the good folks at this festive holiday season.

The Pyne and Harrison Company are giving a series of representations at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

Mr. Henry Haigh and an operatic company are at the Brighton Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean are at Birmingham.

Charles Matthews is also playing at Birmingham, at the Prince of Wales's Operatic House.

Mr. Henry Manley has an opera company at Canterbury.

Mr. Sothorn is nightly drawing overflowing houses. He is, in fact, not only a great sensation at the theatre, but the "lion of the day" in Liverpool. People are not satisfied with seeing his inimitable performance, but assemble at the door of the theatre to see "his lordship" alight from his cab. The reception he received upon coming before the audience last Monday evening exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. The ovation he received for a time prevented the progress of the piece; a burst of applause commenced as soon as his voice was heard at the wings, and continued some minutes after his appearance on the stage. It is, of course, unnecessary to criticise Mr. Sothorn's performance.

The new theatre in the Haymarket may be considered to be an accomplished fact. The company consists of five thousand shares, of which one-third are said to have been privately subscribed for before they appeared in the market; little more than three thousand would remain to satisfy the above application.

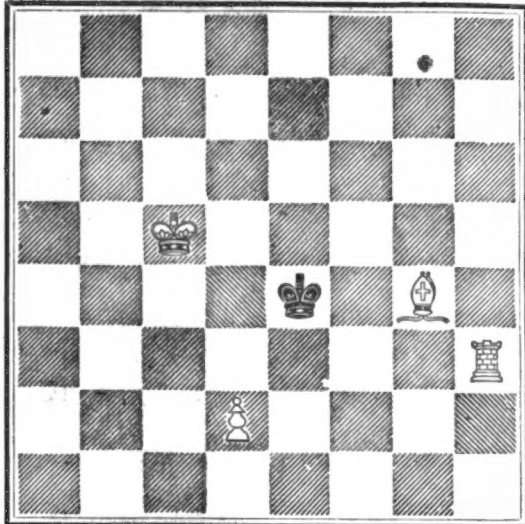
After a month's vacation, the Monday popular concerts were resumed on Monday. The immense hall of St. James's was densely crowded. Herr Joachim and M. Sainton being absent, M. Vieux-

temps, possibly the finest violinist of the present day, was specially summoned from the Continent to fill the void, and by his admirable performance afforded to those present a treat rarely enjoyed. Haydn's Quartet in E major and Beethoven's in G major were as finely played as on any occasion we remember. The vocal music, selected from Weber, Mozart, Glinka, and H. Smart was sung by Misses Banks and Evles; the first in a song by the Russian Glinka, the last in Smart's ballad, "*The Lady of the Lea*." Mr. Benedict was at the pianoforte. M. Vieuxtemps is to be again present on Monday.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 103.—By KEITH.

Black.

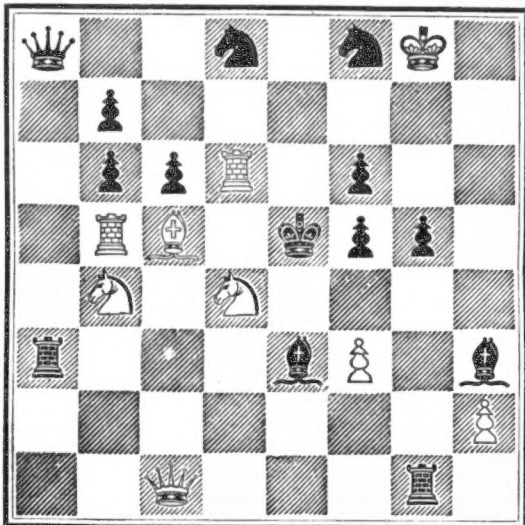


White.

White to move, and mate in six moves.

PROBLEM No. 104.—By MR. ROBINSON.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

S. HILL.—Our correspondent need not offer any apologies. We shall always feel much pleasure in furnishing him with any information which he may require respecting the game.

QUEEN'S PAWN.—We must have some guarantee that chess problems sent to us for insertion are original. We cannot give publicity to the contributions of anonymous correspondents.

W. ABBEY.—1. The Staunton chessmen are very elegant in form, and possess this merit: they are so constructed that the large pieces do not hide from view the Pawns before which they may be placed. 2. The problems shall be examined.

B. L.—In communicating your solution of Problem No. 93, you suggested B to B3. Your other move, however, is equally futile. Problem No. 90 correctly solved.

G. HUNTER.—When no odds are given, the players must take the first move of each game alternately, drawing lots to determine who shall begin the first game. If a game be drawn, the player who began it has the first move of the following one.

D. W. L.—Whether Rook and Pawn wins against Rook, depends entirely upon the position of the forces. Place a White King on King's eighth square, a White Rook on Queen's second square, a White Pawn on King's eighth square, a Black Rook on King's eighth square, and a Black King on Queen's Bishop's second square. In this position White has to move and win. But how?

A ROMANTIC LOVE MATCH.—A correspondent of one of our contemporaries, writing from Rome, under date the 30th ult., says:—"A little romance has been enacted here lately. Some two years back a Yorkshire baronet, Sir B— G—, and his family spent the winter in the Eternal City, and one of the young ladies made the acquaintance of a young French lieutenant, and they became mutually attached. As her parents naturally objected to their union, Miss G— returned to England with her family at the close of the season here. After this long lapse of time, both continuing in the same mind, Miss G— reached the mature age of twenty-one, and she sat, watch in hand, counting the minutes till the hour should arrive at which she was slated to have been born. The moment being come, she at once started, free from parental control, for Civita Vecchia direct, where her young lover met her, and she placed herself under the care of our consul there until preliminaries should be arranged. Now, however, arose a serious difficulty; the colonel of his regiment would not hear of a marriage taking place, since, according to an excellent law of the Code Napoleon, no officer can marry an entirely portionless bride, the exact amount of dowry being fixed by this inevitable law. The spirited young lady at once wrote home word of the quandary in which she found herself, and her father, evidently a philosopher, made the best of the matter by enclosing to her 1,500*l.*, a trifle more than the sum named in the imperial edict."

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

A BATCH OF HOPEFUL JUVENILES.—Three well-dressed lads, each about 14 named George Johnson Mason, William Bradshaw, and Charles Hooper, were placed at the bar before the Lord Mayor, charged with forging and uttering a check, with intent to defraud Sir John Shelley and others, the chairman and directors of the Bank of London. Mr. Mullens, solicitor to the Bankers' Protection Association, conducted the examination. This was rather a remarkable case, and excited considerable interest. The prisoner Mason had been a clerk to Mr. Hyam, secretary to the City Building and Investment Company, for about six months, and Bradshaw and Hooper were clerks to Dr. Deane, of Doctors'-commons. The company keeps an account at the Bank of London, and their checks to be valid must be signed by two of the directors and countersigned by the secretary. On the 27th of March a check for £84 6s. purporting to be signed by Mr. Thomas Smith, Secretary to the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and Mr. William Payne, two of the directors, and countersigned by Mr. Hyam, was presented for payment at the bank—by whom did not appear—and was paid by Mr. Wood, one of the cashiers, by a £50 Bank of England note, and two others for £20 and £10, and by £14 in coin. The check afterwards proved to be a forgery, but one so skillfully executed as almost to deceive two of the persons whose names were counterfeited. The prisoner Mason had access to the check-book of the company, which remained in the custody of Mr. Hyam, the secretary, and the form which was used for the forged check had been stolen from that book along with its counterfoil. Six other checks were also missed from the book with their counterfoils. On this evidence, the prisoner Mason had been remanded; and the prisoners Bradshaw and Hooper were afterwards apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in the forgery. George Dudley Fleck, a very young man, residing in Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, was called. He said, in reply to Mr. Mullens: I am an actor and photographic artist. I have known the prisoner Mason for some years. He has played in my company as an amateur actor. About November last, I became acquainted, through him, with the two other prisoners, Bradshaw and Hooper. I knew Bradshaw by the name of Hamilton, and Hooper by that of Stuart. Since November, I have seen them at the Trevor Music Hall, in Knightsbridge, once or twice; and once at the Windsor Castle Tavern, near the Victoria Station, on Thursday, the 26th of March. They were playing billiards there, and I was scoring. While so engaged, Bradshaw or Hooper came to me, and said Mason wished one of them to present a check for payment at one of the banks. I advised him to have nothing to do with it. When Mason had finished his game, we all four went out together. Mason walked a little in advance of us until we came opposite Tottenham-court-road, where he produced three or four checks. The checks had signatures to them, but were in blank; and Mason explained that he had gone round to the directors, and had got them to sign them, telling them that they were wanted in the business of the company. Mason said something about it being "quite safe." They were examined by the light of a gas lamp, and one was selected as most likely to be of service. The others were burnt at the gas by Mason, who climbed up the lamp-post for the purpose, like a Lascar. (A laugh.) It was suggested that Hooper should fill up the checks, and be assisted. We then all went to a coffee-house at 23, Gloucester-terrace, Vauxhall-road. Hooper and Mason entered the house first, and Bradshaw and I remained outside. After we had waited a few minutes, Mason whistled for us, and then Bradshaw and I went in. Mason explained that Hooper was frightened to fill up the check. Either Mason or Hooper asked me to fill it up, but I refused. Bradshaw was then asked to fill it up. He at first declined, but at length consented. I had not seen him write before. I had my back to him most of the time, but I knew what he was doing. We had some coffee, and then left and walked to Lower Belgrave-street, opposite the Victoria Hotel. There it was proposed that Bradshaw should present the check, but he refused. About that time Mason said he had written the signatures himself. Hooper left us, and went home. It was afterwards settled that Bradshaw should present it next day, and Mason and he agreed to meet in the City between two and three o'clock for that purpose. Before Hooper left it was arranged that Bradshaw should have £20. Hooper had said he ought to have £15 and Bradshaw £15. The ultimate arrangement was that Mason should have £50, Bradshaw £20, Hooper £12, and being a bit of an accomplice myself, I was to have the rest. On the evening of the 27th of March Mason came to my room, and, saying the job was done, handed me £3 10s. I believe Mason knows a woman named Rose Clifford; I have been with him to her house once, on a Sunday. George Scott, detective police-officer, deposed that in consequence of seeing a letter which the prisoner Mason gave to the inspector on duty at the police-station when he was apprehended to forward to a Rose Clifford, he went to the house of that person and saw her. The result of their interview was that she handed to him the gold watch and chain, a gold brough, and two finger rings produced. He afterwards searched the Dublin at 29, Poultry, the office of the building company, from something the prisoner Mason had said to him, and found eleven sovereigns and a ring. Frederick Niblett, a jeweller, at 20, Queen's-buildings, Knightsbridge, said he sold the gold watch and chain to the prisoner Mason, who was accompanied by a lady, on the evening of the 1st of March, and the prisoner paid him £17 10s. for them. On receiving the usual caution the prisoners declined to say anything. The Lord Mayor committed them to Newgate for trial, and declined to entertain an application made by Mr. Buchanan to admit the prisoner to bail.

BOW STREET.

A COOL CUSTOMER.—Richard Sullivan was charged with stealing a clock from the shop of Mr. Sharp, in the Strand. The prosecutor said: This morning, the clock (produced) was standing safe on the counter; and, in a short time afterwards missing it, he went into the street, when on turning up Bedford-street he saw the prisoner standing in a doorway, stooping down over the clock, endeavouring to conceal it. He collared him, and a struggle ensued, when a constable came up, and the prisoner was secured. The value of the article is about £7. Prisoner: Will you swear you saw the clock in my hand? Prosecutor: Yes, positively. Prisoner: Well, you ain't particular then. (Laughter.) How could I have the clock in my hand when you said I was standing over it? Prosecutor: You were stooping, and had one hand on the clock, and with the other you appeared to be getting a handkerchief to cover it with. Prisoner: How could I be feeling for that I hadn't got? (Laughter.) Your worship, he never saw it in my hand. Mr. Corrie: I don't think that point of much importance. The question is, how did the clock come in the doorway? It could not have walked there. (Laughter.) Prisoner: Well, clocks sometimes goes very fast. (Laughter.) I say he did not see it in my hand. The police-constable, who took the prisoner into custody, said he saw the prisoner and prosecutor struggling; and when he found a robbery had been committed, he seized the prisoner, who resisted capture very much. Prisoner: Because they said I'd stole the clock. Mr. Corrie: You were indignant at such an accusation. Well, what have you to say to the charge? Prisoner: Well, I'm a poor man, and I try to get my living honestly. (Laughter.) I'll be obliged if you'll settle this here. Mr. Corrie: Is that all you want to say? I shall not dispose of the case here. Prisoner: You won't? Then, in course, I say nothing if you're going to send me to the sessions. Committed for trial.

WESTMINSTER.

THE PREVALENCE OF SMALL-POX AT PIMLICO.—Refusal of a Mother to have her child buried.—Mr. Aldis, Chester-place, Chester-square, the officer of health appointed for St. George's, Hanover-square, addressing the magistrate, said: I have felt it my duty, sir, to apply to you on public grounds for your advice and assistance. It is with respect to the interment of a child three years of age who has died of small-pox, and is now lying at 12, Spring-gardens, Pimlico. The child is there exposed in a small room occupied by its father and mother, and three other children; and there are not only twenty-six souls in this six-roomed house, but it is situated in a very crowded locality, in which the small-pox is very prevalent amongst the humbler classes. Under these circumstances, it is most highly essential, for the sake of the public health and safety, that this child should be removed and interred, to prevent the influence of contagion. Efforts have been made to effect this, but in vain. Mr. Baddeley, overseer of the parish, informed me that although the father of the child was anxious that the child should be removed and buried the mother positively refused to allow it. Mr. Baddeley sent Osborne, who has charge of the funerals of the parish, to take away the child. He placed it in a coffin for that purpose, when the mother took it out again, and restored it to its cradle, or cot; and several Irish persons of the neighbourhood having collected together, intimidated him by their threats, and he felt compelled to retire. I myself subsequently went with Mr. Grant, and tried to persuade the mother to let the child be removed, but she refused, although her husband pressed the removal. I must only repeat that it is of great importance that the child should be immediately interred. Mr. Selfe was of opinion that the father had the power to order the removal of the child, which was, as Mr. Aldis had said, highly necessary; and he thought that there could be no impropriety in the police accompanying the parish officers, to see that there was no breach of the peace from the removal of the child.

ASSAULTING LORD RAYNHAM.—Viscount Raynham attended at this court to prefer a charge of assault against Charles Yates, one of the Scots Fusilier Band. Lord Raynham said that at four o'clock on the previous afternoon, he was in Sloane-street, where he saw the defendant, who was much excited, dragging a woman along violently. The complainant followed with the rest of the crowd, anxious to see the result to a house near Hane-place, into which the defendant tried to push the woman; and then turning round to the part of the pavement where the complainant was standing, he told him to be off, and, taking hold of him by the breast of the coat, violently pushed him out, and tore her dress. He next went to the house 4, Cadogan-place, and created a disturbance, and then again ran up to the woman, and dragged her into Elizabeth-street; he there endeavoured to force her into a house. The defendant then suddenly rushed towards Lord Raynham, who was standing on the foot-path, and, seizing him by the breast, pushed him into the road. The defendant had been drinking, and was very violent all the way to the station. If he had not been in charge of the police, he would have been well thrashed by the mob. The defendant, in answer to the charge, said that it was a private matter between himself and his wife, and his lordship had no right to interfere. His lordship said that he in no way interfered, but only looked on. Harriet Yates, the wife, a very respectable-looking woman, said she was anxious to be protected from her husband's violence. She had, with his concurrence, separated from him and taken a situation as cook at 4, Cadogan-place, where he repeatedly came and annoyed her. He made his appearance there at a little before four o'clock on Sunday afternoon and ordered her to come out to him; for the sake of quietness she was obliged to comply. She had only gone a few steps when he struck her, tore her dress, and ill-used her very much, threatening at the same time to take her life. She had been married to the defendant two years and had one child, which was supported by her parents in the country. The defendant said that the fact of his wife coming there at all to say anything against him was quite enough to let anybody know what sort of person she was. Mr. Selfe thought that opinions might differ about that. It was quite clear that the defendant had made a disturbance in the street and had laid hold of Lord Raynham and pushed him back. The assault, in itself, was not serious; but he (Mr. Selfe) must have some security for the defendant's keeping the peace. He then ordered him to pay 5s. for the assault, or be committed for seven days, and to find one bail in £10 for his keeping the peace for the next twelve months.

CLERKENWELL.

A WIFE'S SUFFERING.—William White, 49, corn merchant, describing himself as an "independent gentleman," residing at 14 Lambeth-road was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt, at the instance of the authorities of the parish of St. Mary, Islington, with running away and deserting his wife. Mr. William George Lettly stated that the wife of the prisoner was admitted to the workhouse on the 2nd of October last, and had been there ever since. He had been unable to find the prisoner's whereabouts, or he should have written to him to take his wife away. George Moss, the warrant officer of the parish, stated that he had been for six months looking after the prisoner, who was now an independent man. He had formerly carried on business as a corn merchant at the Corn Exchange, 90, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, and at 2, Braganza-villas, Canonbury. When he took the prisoner into custody he found him living with another woman, who said he should not be taken for such a pauper person as the wife. Mrs. Agnes Catherine White, a lady-like looking woman, who seemed to feel her position very acutely, said the prisoner was her husband. Whilst she was living with him at 2, Braganza-villas, he became intimate with her servant, and used to take her to the different places of amusement, and when he returned home he ill-used her (witness). He made the servant the mistress of the house, and summoned her (witness) to this court for assaulting her, but the summons was dismissed. He then removed to 90, St. John-street, and whilst there he locked her in the second floor front room, and would not allow her to leave it on any pretext. Her servant, who is the woman with whom he now cohabits used to bring her food to her, unlock the door, and place it on the door and then leave her. To escape his ill-usage, she threw herself from the window into the street, and injured herself very much. She was taken to the hospital, and when she recovered her husband prosecuted her at this court for attempting to commit suicide. He did not let her again go home, but allowed her a maintenance for a few weeks, and then discontinued it, on which she had to go to the workhouse, where she had been ever since. As she was coming into court this morning the woman with whom the prisoner was cohabiting insulted her. The prisoner denied the charge of adultery, and said his wife should never live under the same roof with him any more. As for his servant bringing his wife to this court, he thought she was right in doing so, as his wife assaulted her. He had not the slightest doubt but that his wife was "a little off her nut"—in fact, she was cranky. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he remembered all the circumstances of the case, and, however lightly the defendant might think of the charge, he thought it was a very serious one. He should remind the prisoner until Thursday next. The prisoner asked if he might be admitted to bail. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he would take responsible bail, which must be fully inquired into, the prisoner himself in the sum of £100, and two sureties in the sum of £50 each. The prisoner was locked up in default.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

AN OFFICER CHARGED WITH FRAUD.—Henry Richard Lacey, formerly an ensign in the 59th Regiment, who gave his address as No. 11, South Island-place, Brixton, was charged with obtaining a quantity of jewellery from Mr. Selim Melson, jeweller, No. 8, Artillery-terrace, Aldershot, by false representations. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, was for the prosecution. Mr. Melson said he carried on the business of a jeweller at Aldershot. In November last he received a letter for the prisoner, in consequence of which he called on him at No. 6, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, but he did not find him there. The prisoner called on him in Duke-street, Portland-place, and mentioned that he wanted some articles of jewellery, and the articles he required having been shown to him he selected two rings, a pair of earrings, and a watch, together of the value of £16. The prisoner in payment gave a check for £16 on Sir John Kirkland, army agent, stating that he was his agent. At first witness objected to take the check, but on the prisoner stating he had money with the firm he accepted it. In a day or two it was returned to him marked "No effects." Mr. Tyrwhitt asked if the prisoner had ever before given him a check on Sir J. Kirkland in payment of any amount. The prosecutor replied he had received a similar check before from the prisoner, and it was because that check was returned unpaid that he was reluctant to take the second. In reply to the prisoner, the prosecutor said the first check was paid, but by the prisoner himself. Police-constable Mullings, L. division, said he heard a cry of "Stop thief!" the previous night, and, seeing the prisoner running towards the railway arch in the Westminster-road, he pursued and caught him. The prisoner asked to be taken to the house of his uncle, who, he said, would settle the amount due by him. Mr. Tyrwhitt having intimated his intention of remanding the prisoner, bail was applied for, which the magistrate consented to take, but the prosecutor having subsequently entered the court and stated that there was a possibility that the check would have been paid had it been presented, the magistrate decided on taking the prisoner's own recognizance for his future appearance.

CAUTION TO YOUNG FEMALES.—APPLICATION TO THE MAGISTRATE.—A respectably-attired young woman applied to Mr. Tyrwhitt for his advice under the following circumstances:—The applicant handed Mr. Tyrwhitt a newspaper, with the following advertisement inserted in it:—"Wanted, twenty competent hands for boot tops, at good wages. Those acquainted with Howe's machine preferred. Also, vacancies for three learners." (An address in Brewer-street, Golden-square was given in the advertisement.) Applicant said that she wrote to know the terms, and received an answer, to the effect that the terms for a learner were 12s. 6d., and that the advertiser's object was to prepare hands for the many applications he had for them. She then went to the person and paid her 12s. 6d., but instead of having as she supposed boot tops to learn on, or materials furnished, the whole of the work she saw going on with the two or three other females at the place was some plain needlework, which the females took to the place themselves. Finding how things were going on she asked for her 12s. 6d. back, when she was told that it would not be given to her, but that she would be transferred to another person. As she considered that the 12s. 6d. had been unfairly obtained from her she wished to know what she was to do. Mr. Tyrwhitt told the applicant that he had no power to get the money back for her, and he was afraid it was a trick too often played on poor females who tried to earn their bread. He, however, had no doubt if the press noticed the matter that it would be attended with a good deal of good, and the applicant had better go to the county court. The applicant thanked the magistrate and retired.

MARYLEBONE.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—John Emery, of 3, Charles-street, Manchester-square, groom, was placed at the bar on remand charged under the following circumstances:—From the evidence of Whistdale, 65 D, it appeared that on Monday night he was on reserve duty at the station in Marylebone-lane, when the prisoner came in, very much the worse for liquor, with a large bundle in his possession. This he (the prisoner) undid, and produced

from it sheets, blankets, a quilt, and other articles, and said he wanted to pawn them for a sovereign. He was told that that was a police-station and not a pawn-shop; and in reply to this he said the officer was mistaken, and he would not leave unless he had the money. He was then advised to go to some of the pawnbrokers in the neighbourhood, and he said he had been, and they refused to take the articles in. Prisoner became very noisy, and made use of bad language, and the officers were compelled to lock him up. About an hour after he had been placed in the cell, another man was brought in, and as they (the officers) were about to lock him up in the same cell, the prisoner made a desperate attack on the police, and, after a sharp struggle, Inspector Stokes, D. division, got him on to a seat, and was about turning away to lock the door, when prisoner gave him a kick. The Inspector took no heed of the kick at the time, but in about an hour his leg became very painful and swollen and he had to go home. Inspector Stokes now said he received the kick just below the ankle. It was still very painful when walking, and he had not been able to resume duty since. Prisoner expressed sorrow for what he had done, and said it was through drink, and he did not recollect anything of the occurrence. Mr. Yardley declined to inflict any fine, and sentenced prisoner to one month's hard labour.

WORSHIP STREET.

A RUPTIAN.—Martin Kelly was charged with assaulting his wife Mary Kelly, the defendant's wife, said she had been married only a week when her husband wanted her to make up an extra bed in the same room in which they slept. Because she refused, he had ever since ill-used her. About six weeks after they had been married, he threatened to murder her, once with a poker, and on another occasion with a knife. On the 28th of last month, he beat her very severely about the head, and she had experienced great suffering in her face from that day. Mary Chapman, the landlady of the house in which they lived, deposed that on the morning of the 29th of March, she found complainant in her room lying upon a chair, and suffering from the effects of the defendant's ill-usage. The defendant was in bed at the time, and a young man was in the same room. She had seen the marks of violence on her person on several occasions. The complainant was a well-behaved young woman, and the defendant treated her very badly. Catherine Howe, the complainant's sister, said she had witnessed similar results from the defendant's treatment of her sister; and on the occasion in question, she took her to the hospital to be treated for the injuries received from her husband. The defendant said his wife provoked him very much. The magistrate committed the defendant to prison for four calendar months, with hard labour.

CRUEL ROBBERY.—William Benn was charged before Mr. Leigh with the following impudent and cruel robbery:—Samuel Vandome, a silk weaver, living at Pelham-street, Spitalfields, said: Prisoner is also a weaver, and I allowed him to work in a room belonging to me, where there was another loom. Yesterday evening, about six o'clock, I had occasion to leave home, and he seeing me in the act of going, asked, "Are you intending to return soon?" I told him that I should not be a very long time, and then left. In about ten minutes I went back, and on entering the room was astonished to see him standing by the side of the bed, in the act of tying up a bundle of something in my wife's shawl, that had previously been hanging behind the room-door. Suddenly I caught sight of the appearance of some velvet peeping out, and the truth instantly occurred to me. I said, "You vagabond, what have you been doing?" He replied, "It serves you well right." I ran to the door, and called for assistance. He approached me, saying, "I'm not going to stay here any longer." I attempted to prevent his getting away, and snatching up a razor, told him I would cut his head off if he were not quiet. He then went back to the bed, and on repeating the calls for help, a police-constable came to my assistance. I afterwards found that the shawl contained silk velvet, on which I had been at work, worth £18. I gave the prisoner into custody. Carter, 88 H: At the time spoken of, I heard an alarm, ran into prosecutor's house, and found him and the prisoner as described. Also the bundle which I produce. Prisoner said, on seeing me, "I'm the man you want—I have done it, and it serves him right. I suppose it will be six months for me, so I may as well go quietly"—and he did so. Prisoner: Yes, this is all right, as far as I can see. I don't wish to put the slightest question, or make any defence, except that I can't live by work, and so I wanted to get away. Fully committed for trial at the Middlesex Sessions.

SOUTHWARK.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE IN TROUBLE.—A middle-aged, dissipated-looking female, named Harriet Barrington, the wife of a clergyman of the Established Church, was brought before Mr. Barcham, charged with stealing a counterpane, value 20s., the property of William Heath. The particulars of this case disclosed a great deal of depravity on the part of all the persons connected therewith. The prosecutor, Oliver the brewer, of Thames-street, said he was a pensioner of Messrs. Cairns, the brewers, of Thames-street. He was a widower, and dwelt in a small room in William-street, Newington-causway. About a week ago he met with the prisoner, who told him she was a widow, and hard up. They came to terms, and he took her home to live with him. He soon found she was a drunkard, and she pledged everything she could lay her hands on. She absconded, taking away with her his best counterpane, which she pledged, and spent the money in drink. The prisoner here stated that she was not guilty of stealing the counterpane. The fact was he did not allow her money enough to purchase food, and she was compelled to pledge the counterpane. The prosecutor said he had in a day penance, which he gave to the prisoner regularly. The prisoner admitted that, but said that was not enough to keep them both and pay rent. She was a foolish woman to have had anything to do with the old man. Mr. Barcham asked her what she was. Prisoner replied that she was brought up a lady, but she hardly liked to say much about her family. Mr. Barcham asked her if she was a married woman. The prisoner replied that she was, and her husband was in the Church of England in holy orders. Mr. Barcham asked her where her husband was. She replied that she believed he was in Calais. She, however, had heard nothing of him for a long time, and had been entirely left to her own resources. She here entered into a long statement about her husband's conduct. Mr. Barcham observed that he had no doubt that her present unfortunate condition was caused by her own misconduct. The prisoner told his worship that it was no such thing. She was more to be pitied than otherwise. Mr. Barcham told her that he knew nothing whatever of her private affairs. She was charged before him with stealing a counterpane. After hearing all the evidence he did not think that any jury would find her guilty, therefore he should order her to be discharged.

LAMBETH.

THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS.—Mr. Dion Boucicault attended at this court, and addressing the Hon. G. C. Norton, begged to call his attention to a placard he then held in his hand, copies of which had been paraded in front of his theatre and elsewhere. Mr. Boucicault here handed to Mr. Norton a broad-sheet, printed in large characters, and which the magistrate read as follows:—

"Investments in Theatrical Property.—Shares of £500 each, with a transferable admission to every performance and to every part of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, only now realize £40. The shares of the late Covent Garden Theatre are sold through being burnt down. The rent of Drury Lane Theatre was over £11,000 per annum; it is now £5,000, a depreciation of more than one-half. A popular West-end theatre was £4,500 per annum, it is now reduced to £1,000 a year. Theatres are deemed by fire insurance offices twenty fold more hazardous than other property, that is £2 10s per cent is charged instead of 2s. 6d."—VARIETY SAT.

Mr. Boucicault said his worship would observe that the object of this document and which was perfectly plain on the face of it was to injure a company which was formed and which was composed of persons of rank and respectability; in fact, he (Mr. Boucicault) might call it a conspiracy to injure the company. The circumstance to which he more particularly wished to direct his worship's attention was that the placard bore no printer's name, and this, he understood, brought it under the scope of his (Mr. Norton's) jurisdiction. He did not know the printer's name, but a Mr. Barker, who appeared to have the distribution of the bills, had admitted that he did so by the direction of the acting-manager of the Adelphi Theatre. His messenger called on the acting-manager of the Adelphi and he did not deny the fact. It was pointed out to him that the bills had not the printer's name to them as required by law, and his reply was that he cared nothing about it and would continue to circulate the bills. He (Mr. Boucicault) promised to take no notice of what had occurred if they discontinued this annoying course, but they refused to do so. Mr. Norton: I find it stated in the bill before me that a popular West-end theatre that had been let at £4,000 per annum is now let at £1,000 a year. Do you know the theatre allude to? Mr. Boucicault: Yes, the St. James's; but the bill says nothing of the fact that the Princess's Theatre, which used to be let for £1,200 a year is now let at £1,000. Mr. Norton here referred to the Act of Parliament 2nd Victoria, cap. 12, which imposes a penalty of £5 on printers omitting to place their names and residences to every paper printed by them, and found that no actions or proceedings for penalties can be commenced except in the name of the Attorney or Solicitor General. On hearing this Mr. Boucicault said he should at once consult his attorney on the subject, and having thanked Mr. Norton for his courtesy and attention left the court.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN ST. GILES'S.

On Saturday evening Dr. Lankester, the coroner for the western division of Middlesex, commenced the inquest into the circumstances connected with the death of an unfortunate prostitute, Emma Jackson, whose murder in a low lodging-house in St. Giles's has excited such a painful interest. As will be seen, the inquiry was merely of a preliminary nature, there being very little evidence forthcoming at this early stage of the investigation beyond the usual formal proofs of identification of the body, and of the circumstances under which it was found. These were taken at once, with a view to the post mortem examination of the deceased being ordered, that the remains might be removed as soon as possible from the low den in which the poor woman met her death, and round which great crowds continued to assemble ever since. The event appeared to excite intense interest in the miserable neighbourhood in which it took place, and the tavern room where the inquest was begun was not only crowded to excess, but some hundreds of people were congregated outside while it was proceeding. The jury having been sworn,

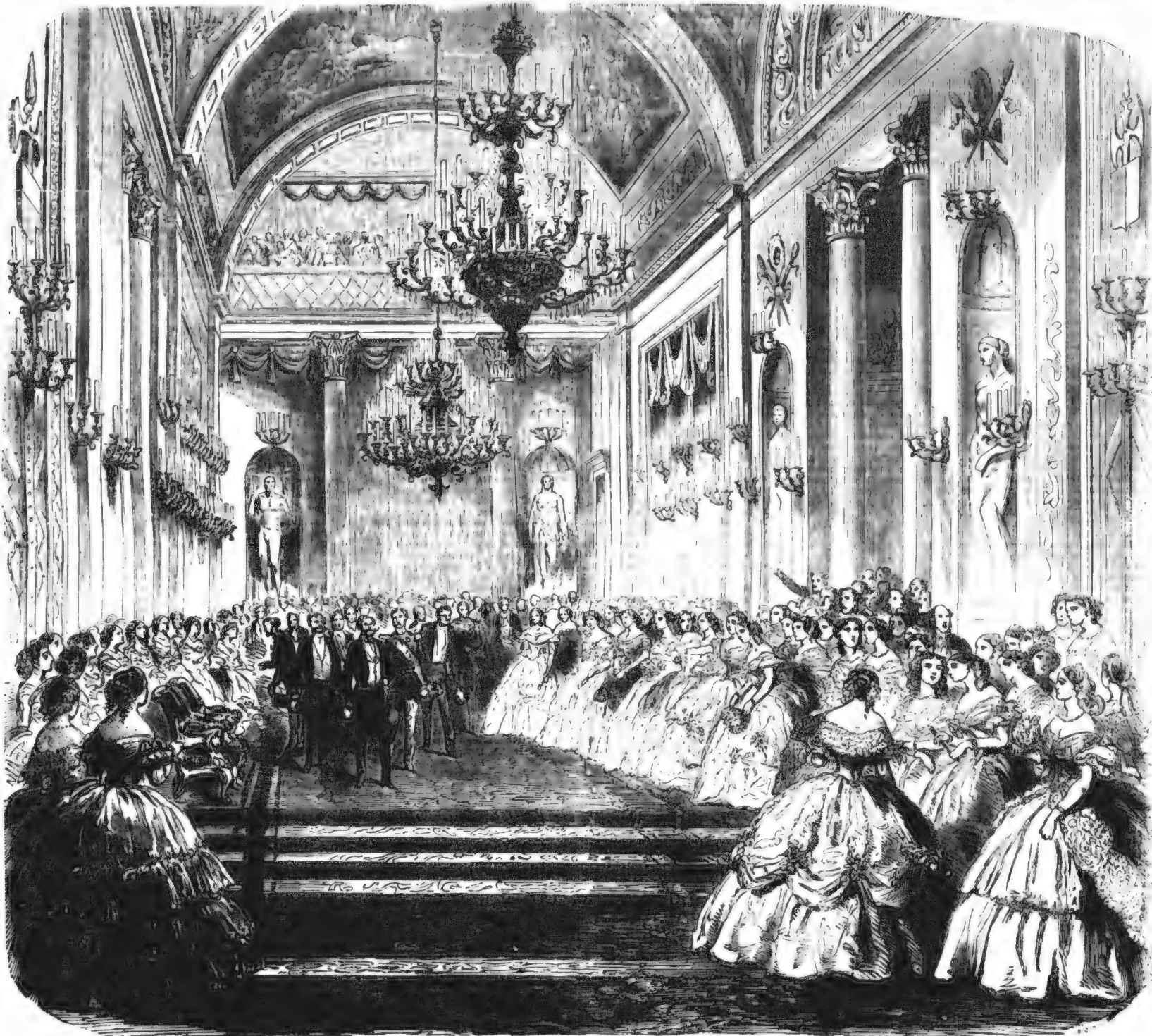
The Coroner said he felt it his duty to call the jury together that evening, for though he by no means anticipated that they would do much more than open the inquiry, yet he wished that begun at once,

apparent to the jury when they had entered the chamber of death. The next room to it, in front of the house, looking out on George-street, was only divided from that in which the body lay by a thin plaster partition, with a frail door in the centre of so slight a kind that a person speaking even softly in one room could, as was proved by actual test, be distinctly heard in the other. Yet two young women were sleeping in this front room on the morning of the murder and heard no sounds of struggling up to the time when they rose from their beds, nor did the proprietor of the house, who was in the room immediately beneath that where the woman died, hear anything unusual, though he was in the lower apartment throughout all the day.

On the return of the jury, The brother of the murdered woman, John Jackson, was examined, and stated that the age of the deceased was twenty-eight, and that she was unmarried. She worked at shirtmaking with her mother, with whom she lived, in Berwick-street, Soho. Witness saw her last alive on the previous Sunday evening, at the Fox, in Wardour-street, where he was employed. She was then with some other persons, and had been drinking a little, though he was not aware that she was in the habit of drinking. The persons with her on that Sunday night were men. He knew nothing of where she was on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, though he

room on the first-floor back—that in which the body was found. They said nothing more to witness. The man paid her a shilling, but did not speak a word that she heard. Witness afterwards put the hasp through the staple in their door on the outside and went to bed. There were two young women sleeping in the room in the front, adjoining that which the deceased and her companion had entered. There is a door leading from the front to the back room, and she thought that any noise made in the back room might easily be heard by those in the front. Witness did not get up again till past eleven o'clock, when Mullind called her. Witness placed the hasp in the staple of the door after the deceased and the man had entered, because it was their custom to do so, to prevent robberies.

Examined by the Coroner:—The first she learnt of the murder was by her sending up Mullind in the afternoon of Thursday to find out why the parties had not left the room. Mullind came rushing down stairs back to her, saying there was a woman murdered in the back room. That was at about a quarter to five o'clock. Witness at once ran up-stairs with Mullind, and they saw the deceased lying half across the bed, with her feet on the floor. She was lying on her back, with her head towards the foot of the bed. To the best of witness's recollections, deceased's arms lay over her chest, and she was covered with blood all over her head and neck. Witness



FETE GIVEN AT FLORENCE TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

in order that the jury might themselves see the body in almost precisely the condition in which it was discovered in the room where the murder had been committed. He had, the moment that the notice of the death was received by him, directed that the corpse should not be moved or touched till the jury had seen it; and he was sure he need not impress upon them the importance, after viewing the body, of also examining minutely the apartment in which it lay, and that which closely adjoined it. Having done this he proposed on their return to take evidence as to the identity of the deceased, and also that of the medical gentleman who was called in upon the discovery of the body, and who would describe to them the condition in which he then found it. After that it would be necessary to adjourn the inquiry for a few days.

The jury then proceeded to view the body—a spectacle of singular horror, as it lay in the dirty, squalid room, on a foul, rumpled bed, soaked through with half-dried blood. The room itself bore no tokens of a struggle, or rather its dirty poverty was such that no struggle short of one which smashed the furniture would leave many traces. Some slight struggle, such as a woman might make in her death agony, had very likely taken place upon the bed, but even this is little more than conjecture. The reason of the remark made by the Coroner as to the necessity of examining the adjoining room was at once

had seen the man who were with her on the Sunday since that date, and one of them he had seen as recently as that day (Saturday). He had seen the body where it lay, and identified it at once as that of his sister.

Martha Curley, a very quiet and rather a respectable-looking young girl, employed as a servant at the brothel where the murder was committed, was the next witness. She said she was servant to Mr. George, who kept the house in George-street. It was what she called a lodging-house. They took in people at all hours, without inquiry as to their characters. She had a young woman to assist her in the house at times, and to answer the door. Her name was Catharine Mullind. She remembered admitting the deceased into the house about seven o'clock on the Thursday morning. Witness was not up when she came, and the street door was shut. She was made aware of the deceased and a man coming in by a young girl and a man who were going out. The latter called her and she got up, and found the deceased and a man coming up the stairs together. She did not take any particular notice of the man; he was about the middle height, but she could not tell his age. He had black clothes on, but she did not notice sufficiently to say whether he had a cap on or a hat. The young woman asked her for a bedroom for two hours, and witness showed her and the man into the

came down at once and told Mr. George, who sent for the police. The body was not moved or touched till the police came, and they saw it exactly as she herself first saw it. When she went into the room after the discovery the back-room window was wide open, but it had been closed down when the police came into the room. The back-yard door was not fastened, and if the man who was with the deceased had dropped from the window into the back yard he could have let himself out by the front door unnoticed.

Mr. John Weeks, surgeon, of 4, High-street, Bloomsbury, said: I was called by the police at about half-past five on Thursday afternoon to the first-floor of No. 4, George-street, St. Giles's. I there found a woman lying dead on her back on a bed, with her feet, which were rigid, touching the floor. She was lying with her face uppermost, one arm across the chest and the other across the abdomen. She only had on her chemise, and it was turned low below the breasts. Some portions of the bed-clothes were quite saturated with blood. These were the upper parts. The neck and back of the deceased were a mass of congealed blood. The arms and hands had very little blood upon them, but I did not notice which had the most. There is blood upon the arms now I washed the blood from the face and neck, and then examined the body superficially. I found five wounds altogether

On the right side of the neck there were two wounds, one a little above the other. They were both incised wounds and very deep. The first, which is the largest, extended in an oblique direction and quite severed the windpipe. The second, although of less size, had laid open the internal jugular vein. The third and fourth wounds were both at the back of the head, and extended into the bones of the spinal column. The first and second wounds I have described would certainly have caused death; the third and fourth at the back might not do so. All the wounds are of that character that I think it impossible the deceased could have inflicted them on herself—indeed, I am sure it could not have been done by her. A strict search was made for any knife or instruments with which the wounds might have been inflicted, but none was found. Judging from the oblique character of the wounds, I am quite positive that it was impossible for the deceased to have inflicted them on herself. Supposing the wound which severed the windpipe to have been inflicted first, it would have been almost physically impossible for the deceased to scream or cry out, whereas had either of the wounds in the back of the neck been the first inflicted she could have cried out. I believe the deceased had been dead some five or six hours when I saw her.

At this stage of the proceedings the coroner stated that he had directed a post mortem examination of the body to be made, as it might possibly turn out that one or other of the wounds beside that which had severed the windpipe had caused death, or even that poison might be detected in the stomach. In order that this examination might be made, and that in the meantime the police, who had the matter in hand, might gather fresh evidence to lay before the jury on their next meeting, he suggested that the inquiry should stand adjourned to the afternoon of Friday, the 17th.

The inquiry was then adjourned accordingly till that date.

ATTEMPTED MURDER BY A LUNATIC.—At about eleven o'clock the other morning, as a man named Jacob Watkins was walking across a footpath towards the iron works at Maesteg, Glamorganshire, a man, apparently a tramp, overtook him and demanded a shilling. On Watkins refusing, his assailant seized him with un governable fury, brutally beat him, and then cut his throat from ear to ear. He then decamped across a mountain towards Neath. He proves to be a lunatic, who had just escaped from a neighbouring asylum. His victim, though in the greatest danger, was able to identify him. Hopes are entertained of Watkins's recovery.

DEATH OF BIRDS FROM APOPLEXY.—The *Moniteur* publishes an explanatory article relative to the fact of a number of birds having been found dead in the Tuilleries gardens, from poison, the belief was. The mortality, it appears, most affected the pigeons. Dr. Grassi, pharmacist to the Emperor, having been charged to ascertain the cause, has discovered that they have died from apoplexy, to which birds are subject at this time of the year, both when at liberty and in cages. The birds in the Tuilleries, it is added, are perhaps more liable than others to such attacks, from the large quantity of food with which the frequenters of the garden supply them.

It is asserted that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the Emperor Bonaparte at the Palace of Fontainebleau towards the middle of May.



THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The portrait we here give is that of the Prince of Orange, Crown Prince of Holland. He was recently elected a member of that most select body, the English Jockey Club; his election being conducted without the customary ordeal of the ballot. The prince is partial to horse-racing, and has purchased several valuable thoroughbred horses in England for his stud in Holland.

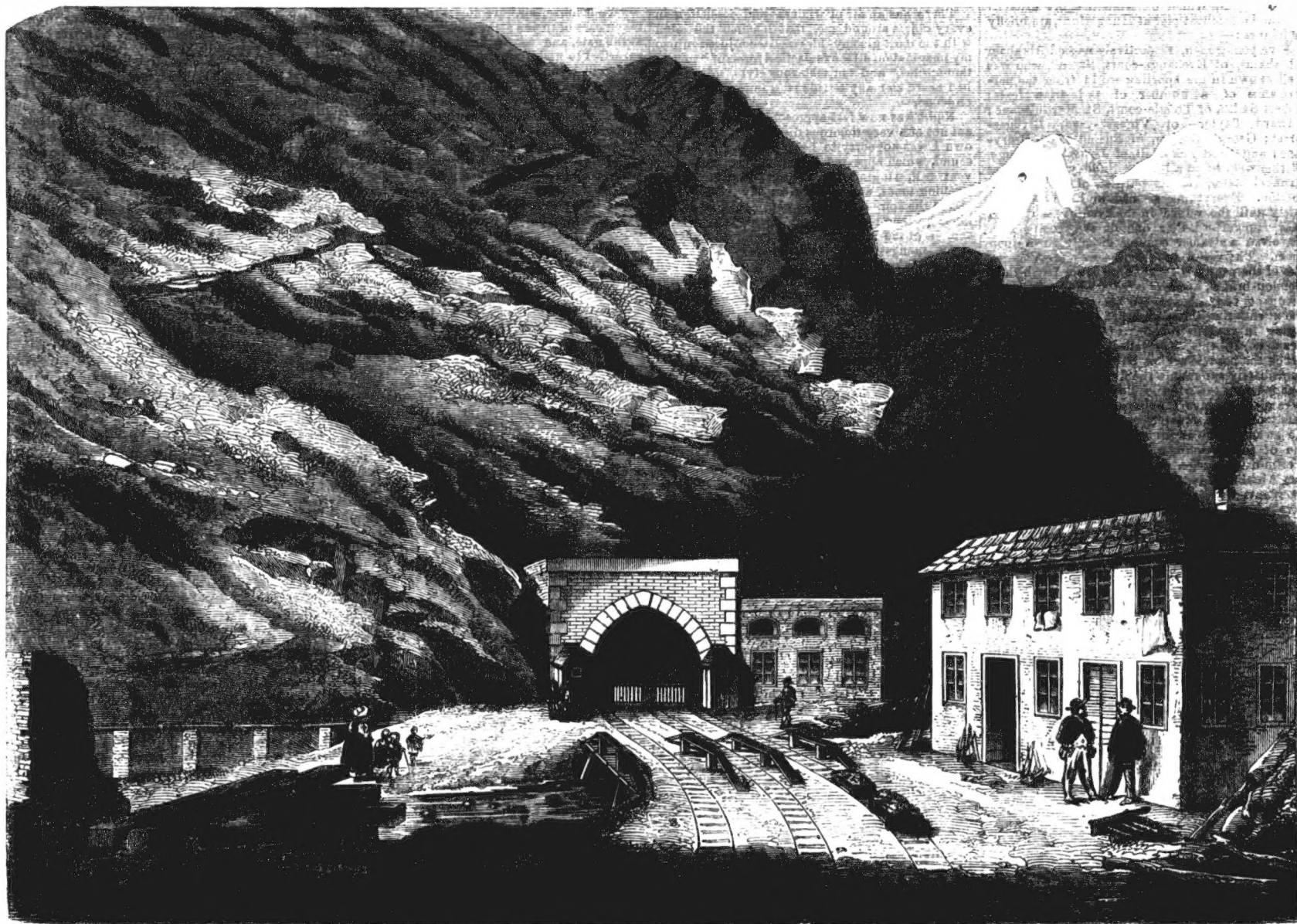
The following announcement appears in the *Liverpool Post*, with the word "advertisement" appended:—"Mr. John Bywater, cotton waste merchant and general dealer in this town, has just received the sum of 200,000*l.*, after being a disputable question for above fifty years."

According to the subjoined letter from Caprera of the 3rd written by Dr. Albanese to a friend in Paris, the health of Garibaldi has lately improved:—"I am happy to inform you that during the last fortnight a very considerable amelioration has taken place in the general health. The rheumatism has disappeared completely, and his wound is closing regularly. In fact, I consider that the cure is approaching its termination."

VISIT OF NEW ZEALANDERS TO LONDON.

A PARTY of notables are on their way to this country, who may be expected to arrive in the course of the summer. They are New Zealand chiefs, and were to have sailed from Auckland in January last, per the *Ida Zeigler*. Auckland has been chosen as the port of departure, because the natives "desire to leave New Zealand in the presence of the governor," whose sanction to their plan has been already obtained. The *Nelson Examiner*, some time since, published a list of sixteen names, and stated that two or three others were of likely to be of the party, as well as the wives and children of several of the number. Among the chiefs named are some of note in the colony, and to one, in particular, a good deal of interest attaches; he is a chief named Ranparaha, son of a chief of the same name, long known as a wily, skillful warrior, who led the natives in 1843, when they massacred the Europeans at Wairau, when they were attempting his arrest under a warrant. Subsequently he was made prisoner on a charge of secretly assisting the hostile natives while pretending friendship to the English. This chief died in 1849, having shown but little evidence of civilisation in his own person. He expressed satisfaction on hearing of the introduction of Christianity into the now flourishing province of Canterbury—the district which had been the scene of some of his darkest deeds—but the amount of his appreciation of Christianity may be estimated from a remark made not long before his decease, on the occasion of his attending Divine worship, in which he joined with every outward appearance of solemnity. After the service was concluded and the clergyman had departed, the old chief inquired, "What is the use of such nonsense? It will do my belly no good." The present Ranparaha, who is about to visit this country for the second time, is described by those who have seen him as a manly fellow, of a dark olive complexion, scarcely, if at all, marked with tattoo. He lives in a well-built house, and is no cannibal, although his father and grandfather were in the habit of indulging in the flesh of their enemies, and the latter furnished in his own turn a feast for some fortunate opponents. Ranparaha on his former visit to this country had the honour of

being presented to our Queen, and may, therefore, be entitled to present his companions at Court on the occasion of this second visit. The party has been arranged by Mr. Jenkins, native interpreter, by whom it will be accompanied. The principal object of the visit is said to be to enable the chiefs to see England, and obtain some idea of its greatness, a matter that may be of no little value to us, as tending to induce them to settle down peaceably under British rule, and to claim for themselves and their neighbours the protection of British laws. It is said that in order to benefit these chiefs, and through them their tribes, they will have afforded every means of satisfying themselves on the points of England's greatness and power, which hitherto to them has appeared to be "mere talk." They are, it seems, to be exhibited in various parts of the country with a view to obtain a sufficient sum to defray all expenses, and should any surplus be received it is to be divided among them. The project seems to be a good one, and we may expect will provide amusement and instruction for both visitors and visited—for the former, by fulfilling the intentions of the promoters in giving the chiefs a just idea of this country; and for the latter with a people with whom the Europeans have come in contact.—*Daily Paper.*



THE TUNNEL THROUGH MOUNT CENIS.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, BART., M.P.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the Secretary of State for War, the Right Hon. Sir George C. Lewis, Bart., M.P. The melancholy news reached the War-office on Tuesday morning, and, as may be conceived, cast a gloom over that department of the Government. The respected baronet died on Monday afternoon, at Harpton Court, his seat in Radnorshire.

The lamented baronet was the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, Bart., of Harpton Court, Radnorshire, by Harriet, fourth daughter of Sir George Cornwall, Bart. He was born in 1806, and was educated at Eton, and subsequently proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, at which university he took high honours; being first class in classics and second class in mathematics in 1828. He adopted the law as his profession, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1831, but has not practised. In 1835 he was appointed one of the commissioners of inquiry for the relief of the poor and into the state of the Church in Ireland; and on the following year was placed on the commission of inquiry into the affairs of Malta; and was a Poor-law commissioner from January, 1839, to July, 1847, when he was first elected member for the county of Hereford in the House of Commons. The late baronet sat for that county till 1852, and has since March, 1855, represented the Radnor district of burghs. He had filled several important offices in the Government. He was secretary to the Board of Control from November, 1847, to May, 1848; Under Secretary for the Home Department from May, 1848, to July, 1850; Financial Secretary to the Treasury from July, 1850, to February, 1852; and Chancellor of the Exchequer from March, 1855, to February, 1858, and was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department in June, 1859. On the resignation of the late Lord Herbert of Lea (Sidney Herbert) Sir George was selected by Lord Palmerston to fill the difficult and arduous office of Secretary of State for War. The late baronet succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father in 1855, and married in 1844 Lady Maria Theresa, widow of Mr Thomas Henry Lister, and sister of the Right Hon. Charles P. Villiers, M.P.

The late Sir George C. Lewis was a distinguished scholar, and was the author of several political and historical works; and for several years was editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE RIVER THAMES—LOSS OF TWO LIVES.

THE danger of allowing unskilful persons the use of boats, unattended by regular watermen, was fearfully illustrated on Sunday by an accident, which fortunately only resulted in the loss of two lives, although five young men were at one time immersed in the river. The particulars of the fatal accident, which occurred a short distance from the steamboat pier at Hungerford, are briefly as follows:—

Five young men, respectively named Abraham Abrahams, of Exchange-court, Strand, who was well known in the sporting world from the performance of a number of pedestrian feats; Robert Smith, of Thistle-court, St. Martin's-lane; Edward Taylor, of Vinegar-yard, Brydges-street; George Layton, of Russell-court, Drury-lane; and Frederick Bull, of Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell, hired a boat on Sunday afternoon at Arundel Stairs, for the purpose of a rowing excursion. Everything seemed to have proceeded safely until the return in the evening, and when near Hungerford Pier one of the young men perceived a steamer coming directly down upon them. The vessel in question was the *Victoria*, one of the penny boats running from Lambeth to London-bridge, and vice versa. The unfortunate occupants of the boat made every effort to attract the attention of those on board the steamer, and, failing in that, to row out of the course of the steamer. In this they failed, and the steamer struck the boat near the bows. The frail craft immediately sank, and the five young men were plunged into the water. The greatest exertions were made to save the lives of all, but unfortunately only one was picked up by those on board the steamer, one swam ashore, one was saved by one of the watchmen on some property near Westminster-bridge, and we regret to add, Abraham Abrahams and Robert Smith perished. The attendants on the steamboat pier at Hungerford were aware of the accident, but unfortunately they had not the means at hand of proceeding to the spot, and thus they were precluded rendering the least assistance.

A PREACHER had held forth diffusely and ingeniously upon the doctrine that the Creator of the universe had made all things beautiful. A little crooked lawyer met him at the church door, and exclaimed, "Well, doctor, what do you think of my figure? Does it correspond with your tenets of this morning?" "My friend," replied the preacher, with much gravity, "you are handsome for a hunchbacked man!"

KOSCIUSKO once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Solothurn; and as he hesitated to send them by his servant lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he would never ride his horse again unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; and, as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make believe to give something, in order to satisfy the horse."

Literature

AN ADVENTURE.

As I was travelling from Florence to Rome, I remained for a few days at Terni, to view the famous cascade, the surrounding beautiful scenery, and the ruins of some ancient temples that are there to be seen.

I was furnished with a letter of introduction to the Marchese di Castelbruno, whose usual place of residence is a castle, from which he derives his title, situated in one of the most inaccessible parts of this ridge of the Apennines. Being anxious to explore a region so remarkable for its romantic and picturesque scenery, I eagerly seized this opportunity of delivering my credentials, and having provided myself with arms (a necessary precaution against the numerous banditti that infest the Papal territory) I set off on horseback for Castelbruno.

It was one of those beautiful winter mornings so peculiar to the mild climate of Italy. After having crossed a fertile plain, where nature was clad in every charm of soft and tranquil beauty, I reached the foot of a mountain; as I ascended, the scenery assumed a wilder and more desolate aspect. I surveyed its savage graces with astonishment and rapture; rocky fragments glittered in the sun, and the deep blue sky spread its lovely canopy over this magnificent panorama. After passing through a thicket, a view suddenly unfolded itself which appeared rather an illusion of the fancy, than real nature. No magical wand was ever fabled to shift more instantaneously the scene. I now heard

"The roar of waters from the headlong height
Vellino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light;
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set."
BYRON.

After having spent some time in admiring this sight of unparalleled magnificence, I continued my journey winding amongst these awful scenes, (of which no painting can give an adequate description, and of which an imagination, the most pregnant with sublime horrors, could form but a very imperfect idea), till I arrived at a narrow defile. On the one side huge masses of rock, sometimes lifted erect their bold and savage shapes, and sometimes towered at an immense height over the path, with such threatening aspect, that I could not pass beneath them without feeling an involuntary shudder; on the other side was the frowning edge of a tremendous precipice, a mountain torrent struggling for passage, dashed and foamed in the abyss below, and added by its dismal roar to the terror of the scene, which was heightened by the approach of darkness.

There was an air of wildness and desolation in every object around me, that inspired the mind with the most gloomy ideas. It conjured up to my imagination all the fantastical forms of "mountain sprites," and "mischievous elves," of which I had heard so many terrific tales in the days of my childhood.

Night was now fast approaching, and though I am not of a very timorous disposition, yet I must own I was not sorry to hear a faint and distant sound, which appeared to proceed from some convent bell, ringing for vespers; I followed the swelling tones, and to my great joy I soon perceived the spire of a village church. I made my horse quicken his pace, and having reached the summit of the mountain, I at last found myself again amongst human habitations.

It was a small hamlet, the abode of misery and wretchedness. I inquired of a peasant which was the residence of the Marchese. He shrugged up his shoulders, and pointed at an old moss-grown edifice.

"It was a stern old pile of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with a thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where waves
The green leaves, over all, by time o'erthrown."
BYRON.

The gloomy repulsive appearance of this building had excited so unfavourable an impression on my mind, that I hesitated whether I should enter it, but a feeling of shame came over me; I taxed myself with childish pusillanimity, and getting off my horse I led him over the drawbridge.

I knocked at a ponderous gate, and, as if by magic, it flew open, creaking on its rusty hinges—no one appeared—I walked on into a spacious court-yard, surprised at the deep, profound silence which reigned in this vast mansion.

But now the next and most important consideration was whether or how to proceed. The place seemed quite deserted, and yet I was certain that the Marchese di Castelbruno resided in it. The only rational surmise was, that the family resided in some of the remote angles of the castle, and this I was determined to find out.

Uncertain which way to turn, I ascended an ample staircase, and as I trod upon the marble steps the sound was dimly re-echoed by the vaulted roof. I presently arrived in an immense hall. Its dreary walls were adorned with the dusty portraits of the former possessors of this desolate mansion, and the mouldering furniture laid about in strange confusion. The light of my torch aroused myriads of bats, and numerous owls were fluttering about trying to fly from the obnoxious glare, through the broken panes of the large Gothic windows.

Holding my torch in one hand, and grasping a pistol with the other, I remained for some time irresolute whether I should proceed. The most sombre reflections, such as the objects around me

were calculated to inspire, now crowded upon my imagination. What, thought I to myself, can induce a person, of the rank and fortune of the Marchese, to reside in so lonely, so dismal a place? Might he not, perchance, be the leader, the chief of a horde of banditti, and seclude himself in this solitary spot to avoid suspicion, or prevent detection? The significant shrug of the shoulders which the peasant gave when I inquired the way to the castle now occurred to me, and added considerably to my suspicions and to my uneasiness.

As I was busied with these reflections I imagined I heard a murmur in some adjoining apartment. I started. It appeared like the sound of human voices; they seemed to be approaching. I presently distinctly heard some one say, "He must be here—we must find him."

To recede was now impracticable, or at least equally dangerous as to remain. I placed myself against the wall, resolved, if it came to the worst, to sell my life dearly, and to make a stout defence.

A side door, which I had not perceived, suddenly opened, and two servants, with lighted torches, splendidly arrayed in gorgeous liveries, entered the hall. Their fear in beholding me, in so threatening an attitude as the one I had assumed, seemed very great. They inquired my pleasure, and having briefly explained to them who I was, and what I wanted, they desired me to follow them to their master's apartment; a request with which, after a little hesitation, I acquiesced.

I followed my conductors through a labyrinth of rooms, staircase and galleries, for this palace, like Armida's garden, was

"Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze," till we reached a seemingly new erected wing.

"When through the loftiest gate, the wanderer passed,
(And three of these the spacious structure graced.)
With sculptured silver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung, of burnished gold:
Surprised I saw, excelled in every part,
The rich materials by the sculptured art."
TASSO. JERUS. DEL.

In this elegant retirement I met with the most cordial and polite reception from the Marchese, who was surrounded by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen.

After the preliminary mutual compliments, he introduced me to the party. There was an air of candour in his behaviour, of benevolence in his countenance, that not only restored all my confidence, but made me ashamed of my former fears.

We passed the evening in jovial conviviality, and when the hour of bed-time arrived he apologized for not having a better room to offer me than the one he had ordered to be prepared; adding that the others were occupied by his friends who were present, and who were now on a visit to him. I begged he would put himself to no inconvenience on my account, and having wished him a hearty good-night, I followed the servant who was to conduct me to my bed-chamber.

As I walked along I asked what was become of my horse?

"Your horse, sir," replied the man, "is well taken care of in the stable; we heard you knock at the gate, and as we hastened down we were surprised to find him without a rider. We concluded that you must have come up by the wrong staircase, which leads to the uninhabited part of the castle, where we afterwards found you."

This elucidation convinced me of the absurdity of my conjectures, and I reached my room with the same sensations of delight as a sailor may be supposed to experience, when, after a violent tempest, he reaches his destined port in safety.

After the servant had retired, I began to survey my apartment—it was in a state of dilapidation. The tottering window frames seemed ready to be blown down by every gust of wind, and the old brocade curtains and chairs bore evident testimony to the active industry of the moths. Having well ascertained that no one was in the room, I locked the door, put out my candle, and throwing myself on the bed, I soon fell into a profound sleep.

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a tremendous noise, that shook the massy building to its very foundation. It was one of those sudden storms so common in these elevated regions, and of whose violence those only who have travelled through mountainous countries can form an adequate conception. It was "a sublime, terrific tumult of the elements;" the bleak north wind hissed, and howled, with hideous moan, in all directions, and drove the rain and hail with incredible force against the shattered window. The vivid lightning flashed, in white fantastic streaks, in fearful rapid succession. Loud peals of thunder were re-echoed from mountain to mountain, and from that awful, that majestic sound, it appeared as if, *appropinquante mundi termine*—the whole creation's end were near at hand.

I got up to fasten my window shutter, and as I was groping about to find my bed again, I perceived, through a crevice in the wall, a faint glimmering of light. I approached softly, holding my breath. I looked, and started back, horror-struck. I mustered up all my resolution, and, advancing cautiously, I again beheld, in a sort of vault below, an assemblage of people, seated round a table covered with black cloth, on which lay several daggers, and, at the further end, stood a person whom I recognised as my host. From his gesticulations, I conjectured that he was declaiming with great vehemence, but the distance, as well as the noise of the storm, prevented me from hearing what he said.

My blood curdled with horror at the sight; my hair stood erect, as if the chill of death had struck me. Every doubt had now ceased, every illusion vanished, and I had acquired the melancholy certainty of being amongst a band of ruffians, who, for aught I knew to the contrary, might at that very instant be discussing if, or how, they should put me to death. As soon as the first emotion of fear had subsided, I became more calm and collected. I dressed myself as well as I could in the

dark, took my pistols, and having commended my soul to God, I seated myself in a chair, fully resigned to my fate.

In this terrible situation, the mind, agitated with a tumult of sombre ideas, floating, as it were, between horror and hope, life and death, I hailed with rapture the dawn of approaching day. The clock presently struck the hour of eight. The same servant came to wake me. I had no need of it, but perceiving the necessity of making "bonne mine a mauvais jeu," and, under the plausible pretext of an early ride, I ordered my horse.

As soon as I had got without the castle walls, I breathed a fervent prayer to God, through whose gracious interposition I had escaped the dangers that had encompassed me, and, without losing much time, I hastened back to Terni. I was aware that it would be equally dangerous, and imprudent, to make my adventure known till I had reached some place of safety, and therefore hastened to Rome, with the utmost expedition.

Having safely arrived in that city, I went the next morning to read the paper in the Cafe del Corso. I took up the *Diario Romano*, and almost the first article I read, informed me that the Marchese di Castelbruno had been detected and apprehended as one of the chiefs of the Carbonari.

QUADRILLE DANCING IN NEW YORK.

Just then cousin Beebe called out my name from 't'other side of the room. I wish you could see how they all stared. It wasn't more than ten minutes arter that afore eenamost every one in there was at cousin Beebe's to be introduced to me—the fellers with the bristles and all. The purtyest gals in the room kept a flocking round me as if they'd never seen a man that wrote for the newspapers afore. Talk about soft sodder—there's nobody on arth can put it into a chap as smooth as a harnome gal. Somehow they melt it with their smiles, till it sinks through his heart afore he knows it. I was talking with a rare peeler of a gal with two of the brightest black eyes that I ever see, when somebody struck up a tune on the pianer-forte, and two or three couple got on to the floor as if they wanted to dance. "Do you dancs quadrille, Mr. Slick?" said the black-eyed gal, as if she wanted me to ask her to dance. "Wal, I don't know," sez I; "I never tried them sort of things, but I rather guess I can if you show me how." With that I took the tip end of her white glove between the fingers of my yaller one, and went with her into the middle of the room. I didn't know what they were a goin' to dance, but I wasn't much afeard, anyhow; for there warn't a chap in all Weathersfield could beat me at double shuffle, or cut so neat a pigeon wing without music, as I could. Wal, the music begun, and one of the fellers that had the hair on his lip began to slide about with his eyes half shet, and his hands hanging down, and looking as doleful as if he'd just come a way from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim in a mill-dam, or a hen turning up its eyes when it's a drinking? If you have, you can git some idea how the lezy coot danced. I thought I should go off the handle to see him; but the gals stuck out their little feet, and poked about jest in the same way. "Think," sez I, "when it comes to my turn, I'll give you a little specimen of genuine dancing. I only wish I had thought to put a little loose change in my pocket to jingle, if it was only jest to show how well I keep step." A young lady with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers, balanced up to me, jest as you've seen a bird walk, and then it came so my turn. I took two steps for'ards, and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon's wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double shuffle; but my trousers were so plummy tight, that I couldn't make my legs limber, all I could do; besides, the music warn't much more like a dancing tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last I went up to the gal that was playing, and sez I, "Look a-here—jest give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or 'Money Mus, or the 'Irish Washerwoman, or 'Paddy Carey.' I aint a-going to twist and pucker round in this way!" With that the young fellers with their hair lips begun to push their cambrio handkerchiefs into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if'd done something to make fun at. But instid of sneaking off, and letting the stuck-up varnints think they'd scared me so that I dairs'at dance I felt my dander a getting up, and sez I to myself, "I guess I'll let 'em see that I warn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at owls, anyhow;" so I jest turned to the black-eyed girl that was my partner, and sez I, "Come now, miss, and let's show 'em how it's done;" and with that I began to put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warn't more than two minutes afore I heard the gals a talking to each other and a saying, "How odd! How strange! Quite the eccentricity of genius! These literary lions never do anything as other people do. I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud of him!" The young fellers joined in the minit they began to see how the wind was blowing up in my quarter; and when I finished off and led the black-eyed gal to one of the footstools, there was no end to the soft sodder they all put on me. Sez I to myself, "Nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip with those stuck up fashionables; for, arter all, they aint more'n half sartin what's genteel and what ain't."—*New York Paper.*

A PRESENT FOR 2s.—The Postmaster having consented to allow the Society of Arts 2s Prize Writing Case to pass through the book post Messrs. Parkins and Goto, 28, Oxford-street, London, will forward the same upon receipt of twenty-eight stamps. Price at warehouse, 2s. The case is water-proof, and fitted with paper, envelopes, pen-case, blotting-book, &c. 200,000 HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD.—[Advt.]

Varieties

Persons in warm countries certainly possess powers of imagination superior to persons in colder climates. The following description of a small room will appear very poetic to an English reader: "I am now," says a Turkish spy, writing to his employers, "in an apartment so little, that the least suspicion cannot enter it."

ITINERANT MERCHANTS.—There are few who have not heard of Hunt, of Sheffield and Birmingham were notoriety, whose humorous sayings have afforded much amusement in the principal towns throughout England. Lately, at a market town in Essex, the following articles were offered by him for sale, viz., a quire of letter-paper, box of steel pens, bottle of ink, stick of sealing-wax, and a seal; all these articles were offered at the low price of one shilling, with the following information, by way of commendation:—"Take a sheet of the paper, fold it carefully, and place it under your pillow, and depend on't all you dream of in the night will be found written on it in the morning. The pens are so fast, and the ink so free, that you can scarcely commence a letter before they will run to the end. If, in the hurry, anything is omitted from the letter, it may be stuck in by the wax; and should any article be in the letter you desire not, it may be pressed out by the seal. If you think these are not enough for the money, I will add a slate, a pencil, a sponge, with this additional information: hang the slate in the most conspicuous part of your house; be careful to have the pencil along with it; now look as attentively at the slate as at your barometer when hoping for a change in the weather, and you will perceive your duty plainly written thereon; then take the sponge, and, if dexterously used, it will hide from your mind all false impressions." All this is very well; but our countryman, honest Hunt, clever as he is, must yield the palm to brother Jones, a dealer in razor strops, of great fame in the State of Kentucky, U.S. The *St. Louis Gazette* gives the following report of one of his harangues:—"Gentlemen, I am going to tell you something as happened down the river at New Orleans. I was sellin' strops, and a gentleman came up to me: says he, 'Strop-man, how do?' Sez I, 'Pretty well; how're you?' Says he, 'I'm a good deal better'n I was. Last night, sez he, 'I was almost scared to death; and my wife, she was a plucky deal wass scard'n I was. Heard a noise in the night—waked me up—waked my wife—couldn't tell what 'twas—got up—struck a light—looked all around—couldn't find out where it was—looked out of the window—'twasn't there—looked in the table-drawer, and there my razor'd got loose, and was a stroppin' itself on the strop I bought from you! I wouldn't a minded it, but I hated to have my wife scared so.' Now, gentlemen, that may be true what the gentleman told me, an't may not; I tell you just what the gentleman told me. If you want a good strop," &c.

Wit and Wisdom.

'THERE is a March hare in Windsor Park who is so mad that he fancies himself a Welsh rabbit. The Irish petition parliament for an extended trade with England in soap—being desirous of lathering the Saxon!—Punch.

A PERSON of the name of Hill being present when some people were discussing the utility of the letter H, he remarked that, if it had not been for the letter H, he would have been *ill* all his life.

ONE of Punch's friends, who was present at the battle of Navarino, in the peaceful capacity of a passenger, received a cannon-ball in his chest—which utterly destroyed a dozen shirts that were packed up in it!

A KENTUCKY girl, marrying a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle. "I know, uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much; but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from anybody."

A GENTLEMAN, much struck by the beauty of a barmaid, asked his friend if he knew anything about her. "Why, yes," said he, "I believe she is an odd fish."—"I suppose, then," rejoined the lover, "you mean to say that she is a bar-belle, and difficult to be caught!"

A NORTHUMBERLAND newspaper, reporting the opening of the north dock at Seaham, observes:—"The sea was allowed to enter in the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry." Britannia complains that there has been no "ruling the waves" ever since.

The members of the bar in this city may be divided into three classes:—1st. Good lawyers, who are gentlemen. 2nd. Good lawyers, who are not gentlemen. 3rd. Pettifoggers, who are neither lawyers nor gentlemen.—*New York Herald*.

O'CONNELL, in a speech in Conciliation Hall, told his followers that if measures injurious to Ireland were brought into parliament, he would go over to England, and "die on the floor of the House of Commons in opposition to them;" and "when he came back he would say, 'Are you for repeal now?'"

CORRECT THE SYSTEM.—At this time of the year, perhaps more than any other, it behoves us carefully to attend to the organs of the stomach. Sudden cold or damps create a gripping looseness which we should study to remove or prevent. We alluded some time since to Cockle's celebrated Pills as being a corrective for this irregularity, and a correspondent remarks:—"Since you noticed Cockle's Pills, I have also tried them. There is something in their ingredients that I, an old chemist, am unable to discover; they contain aloes, but the gripping effects so usual in most pills are here (Cockle's) destroyed. They are, as you say, a mild and soothing purgative, with nothing of a deleterious nature in their composition. I always use them in my family circle."—*South London News*, December 20, 1862.—[Advt.]

UNISON.

Oh, one there is whose heart with mine,
In bands of love, is closely plighted;
And both in kindred throbbings pine,
And never can be disunited:
The silken cord has bound them fast,
And every storm that beats around them,
And sorrow's dark and bitter blast,
Still draws them closer than it found them!
'Twas not a love of earthly mould
That first awoke the sweet communion,
And earth can never break the hold
Of such a heaven-entangled union;
For oh! such sacred unison
Must stand a solitary token,
That hearts thus firmly joined in one
Cling till life's latest thread is broken.

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